FLASH GORDON

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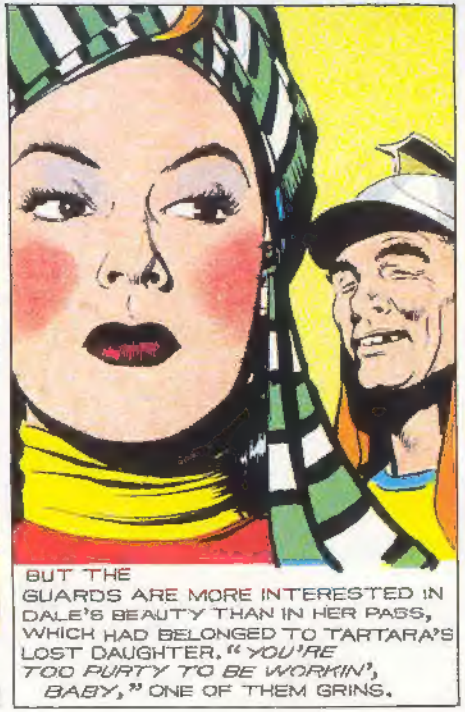

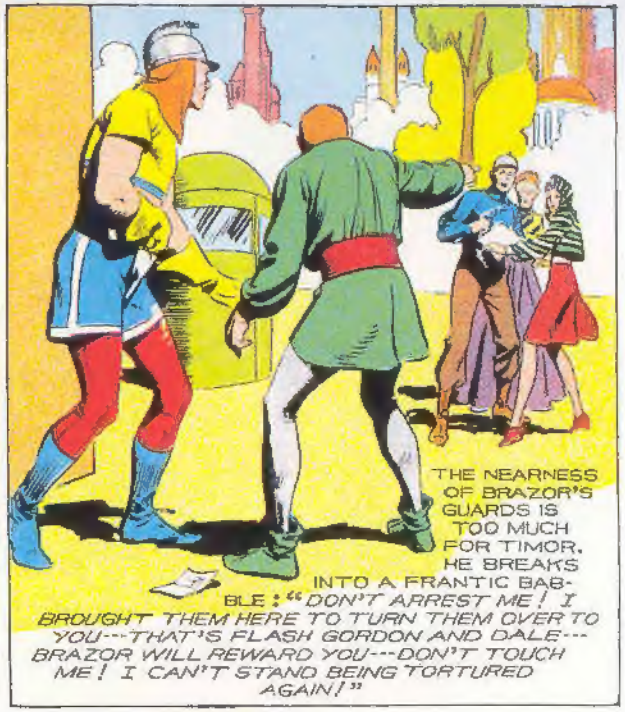

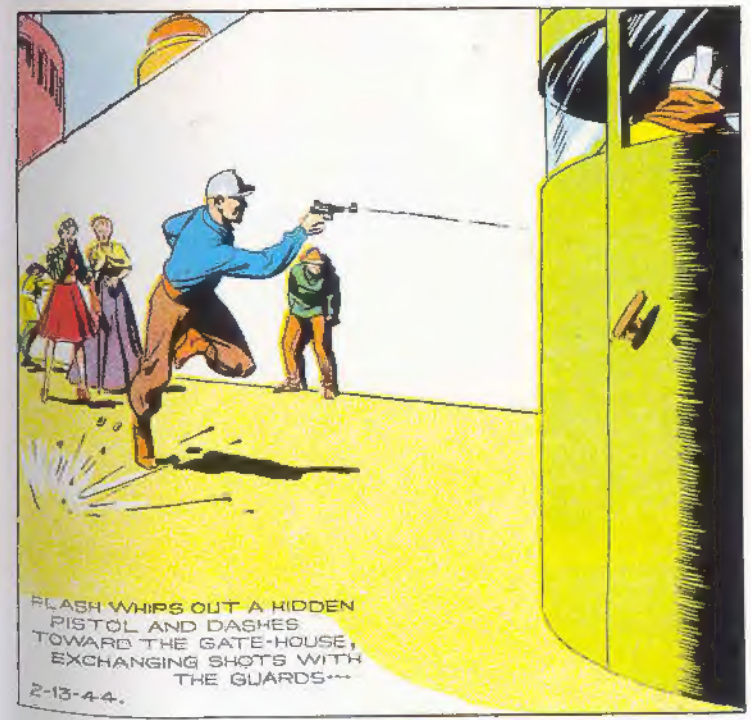

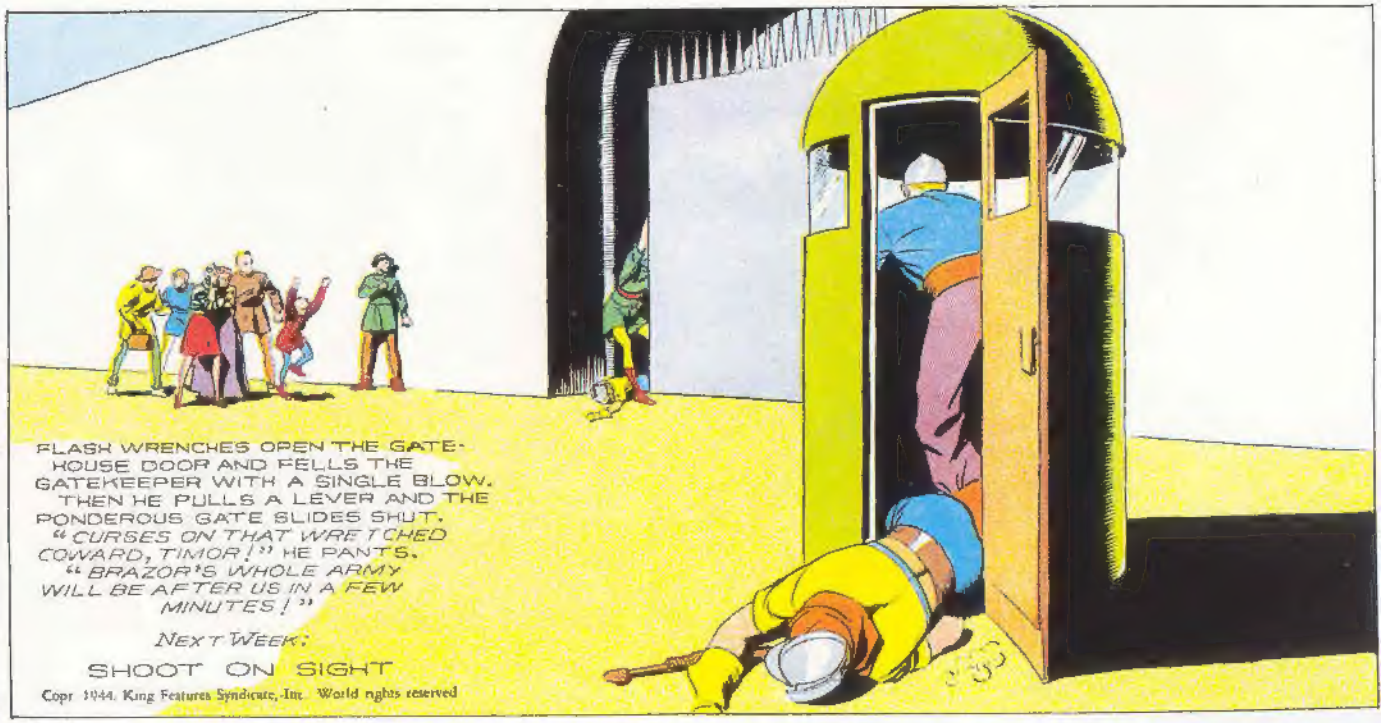

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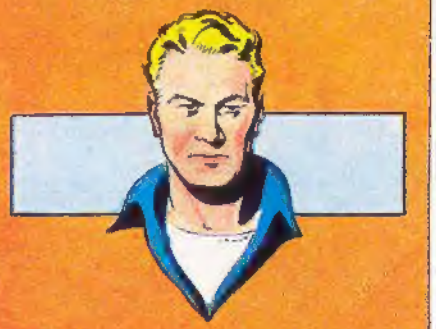

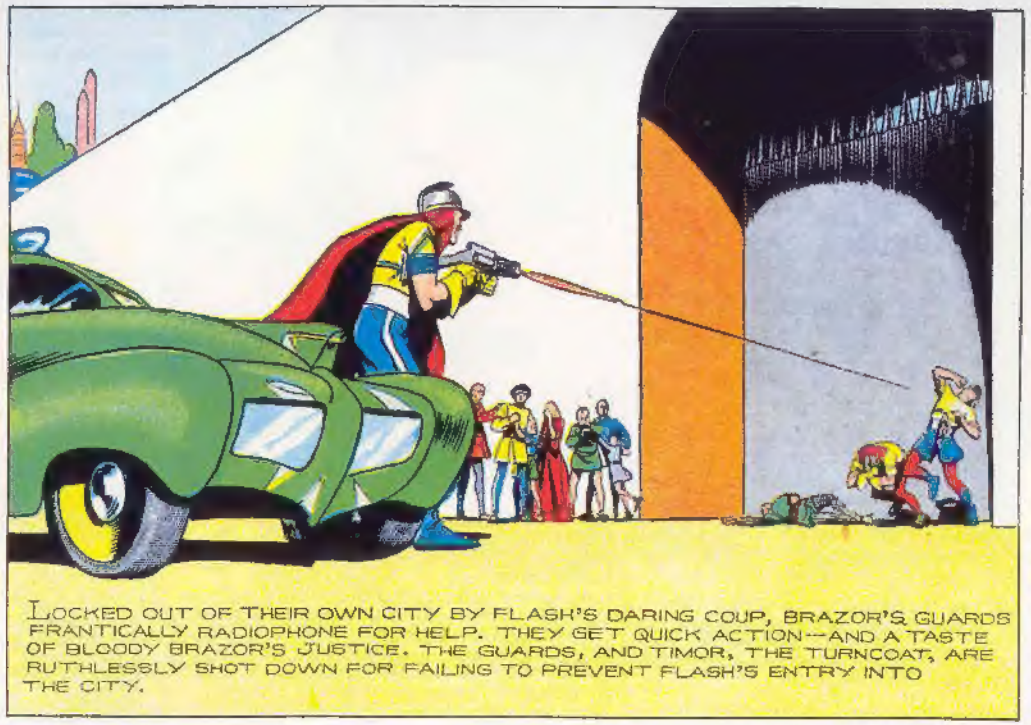

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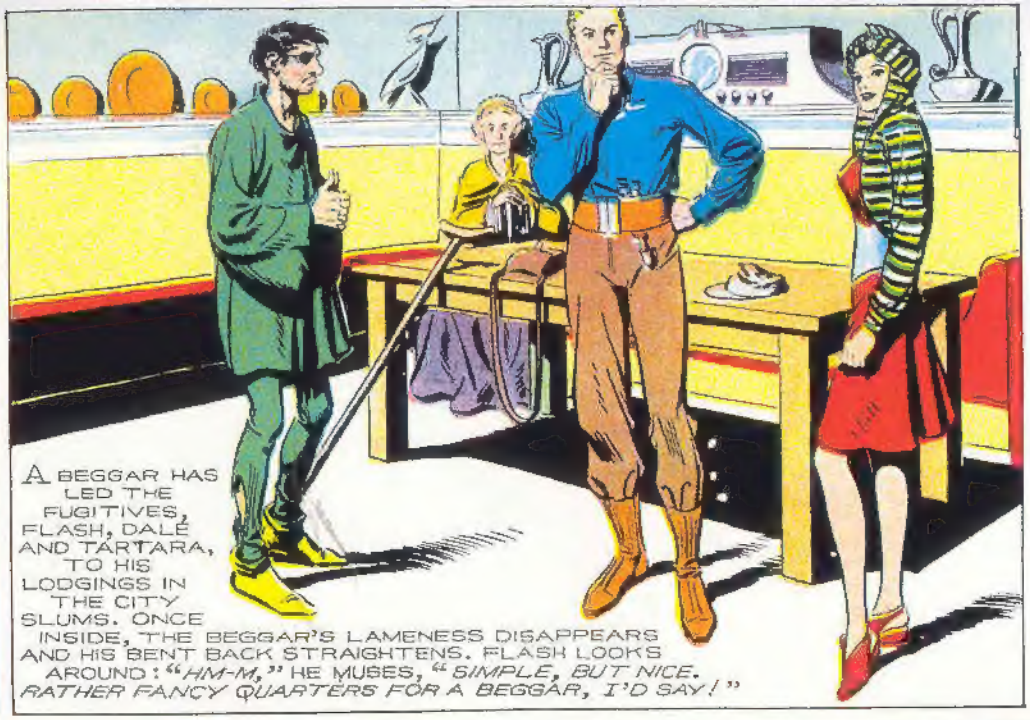

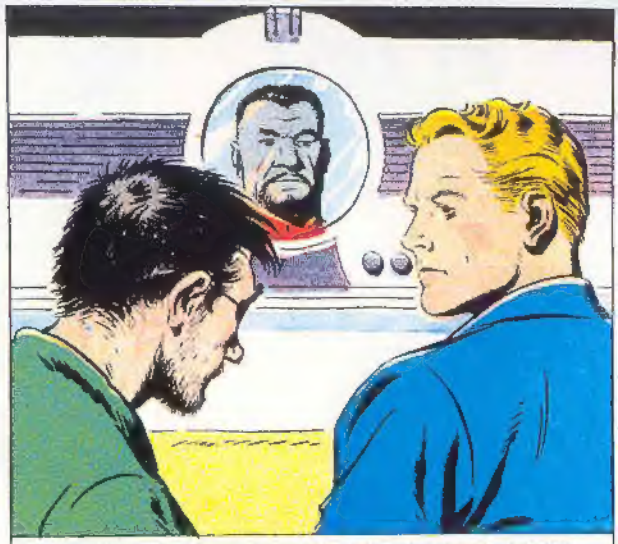

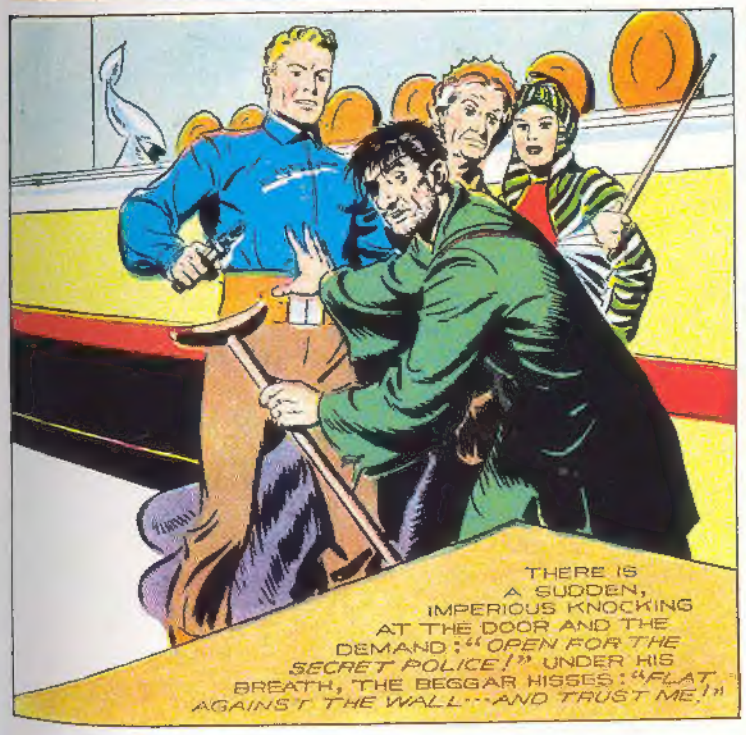

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NEXT WEEK:

2-27 THE VENOM OF REVENGE

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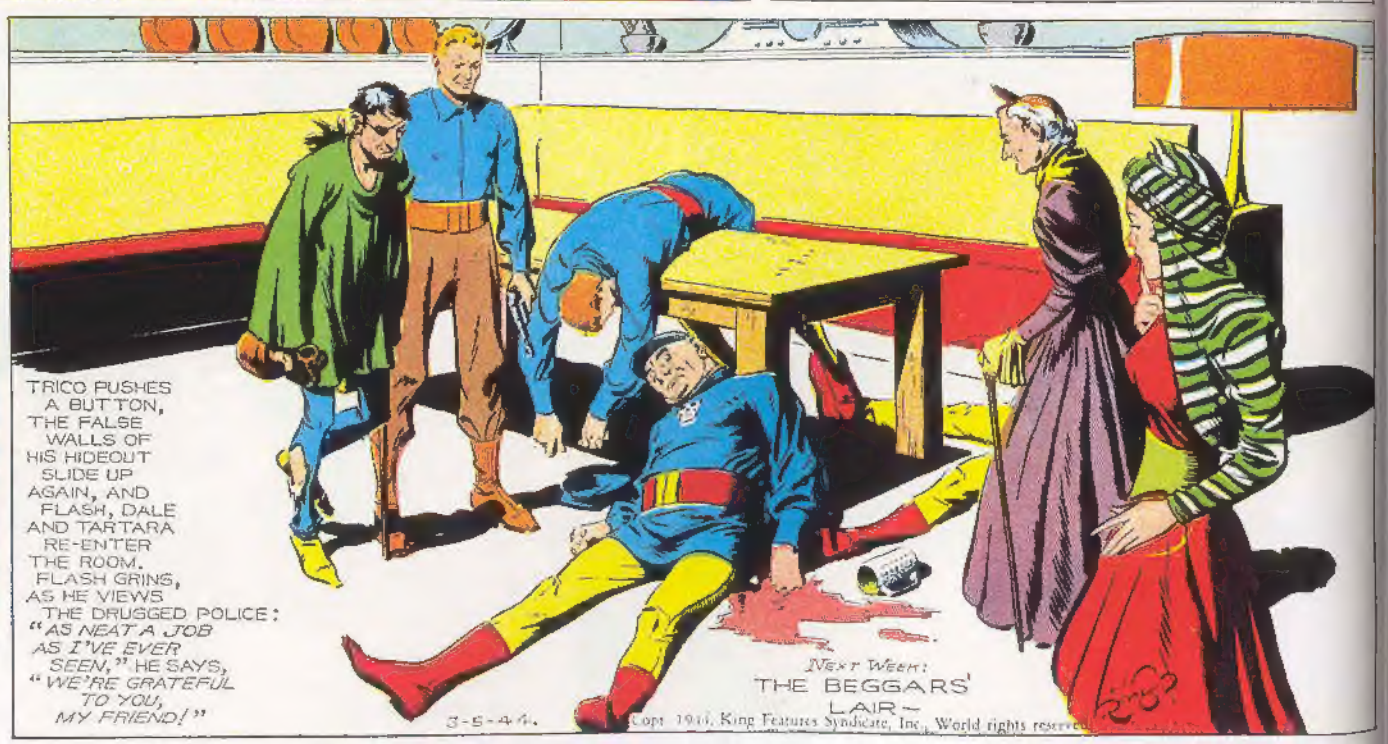

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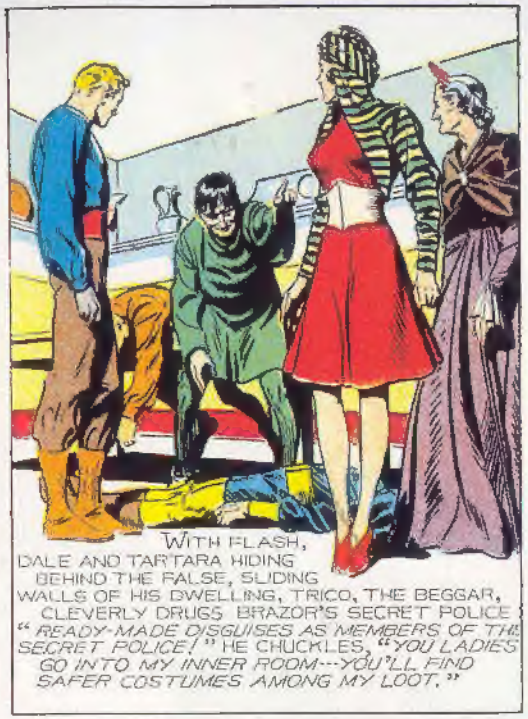

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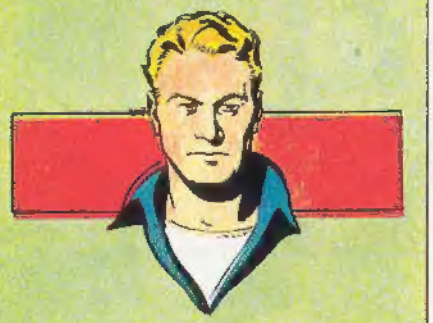

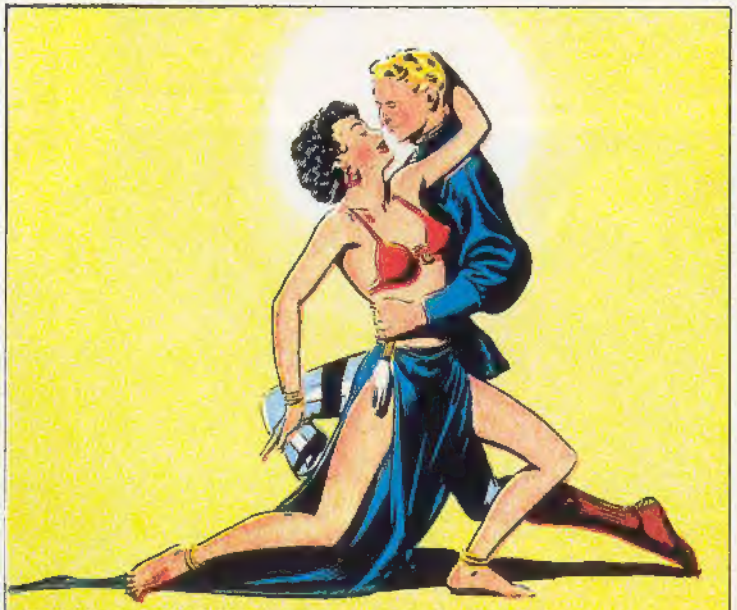

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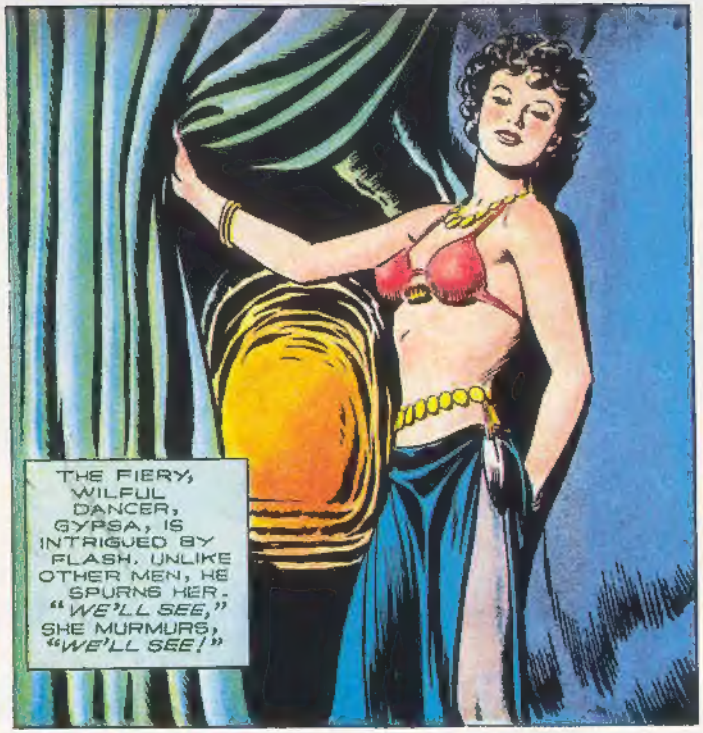

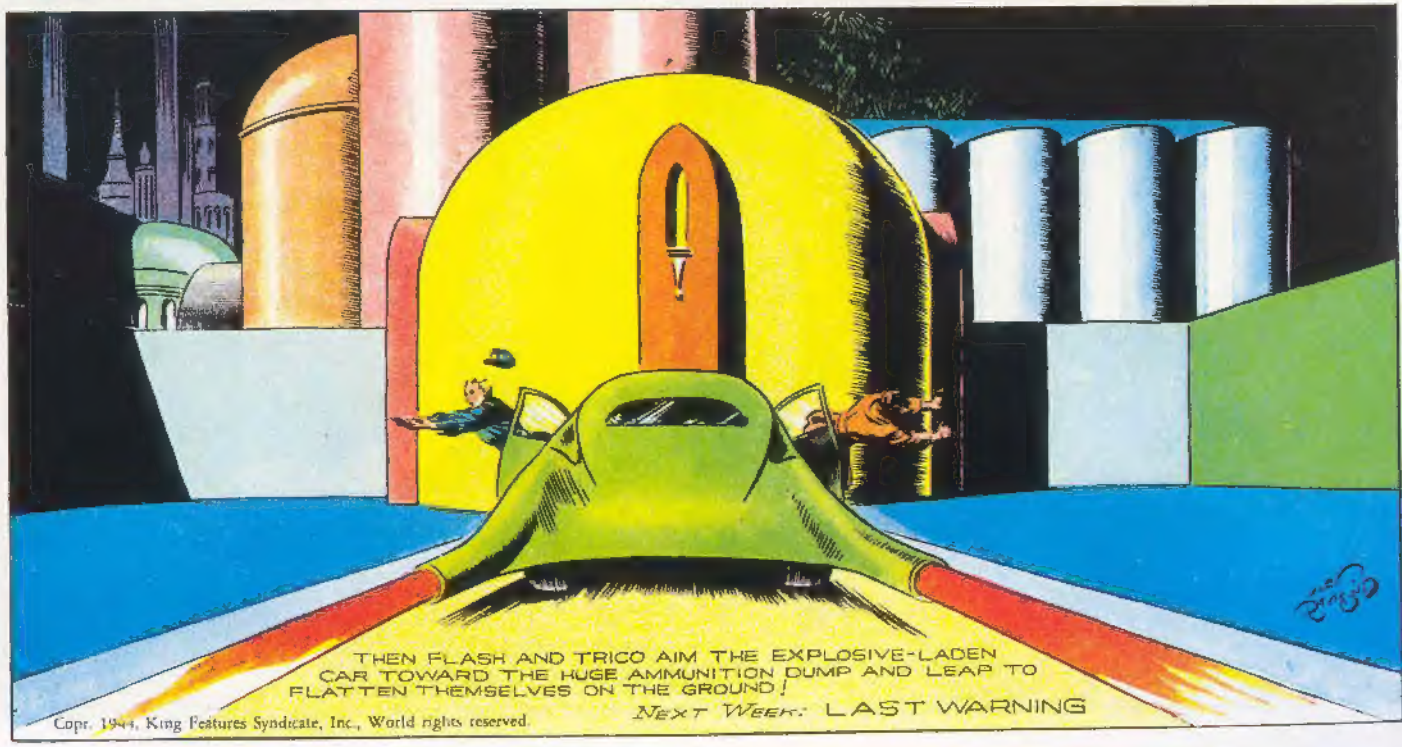

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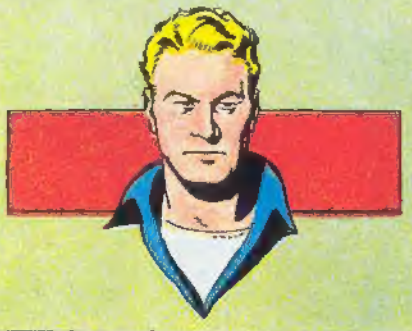

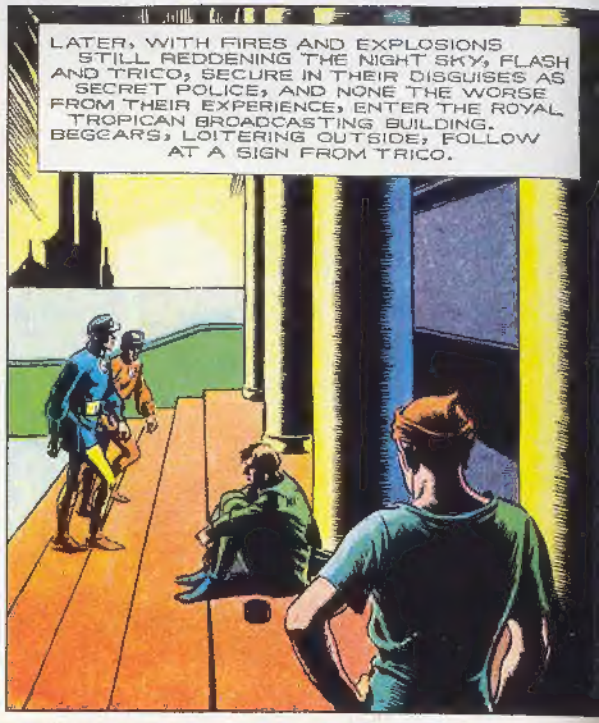

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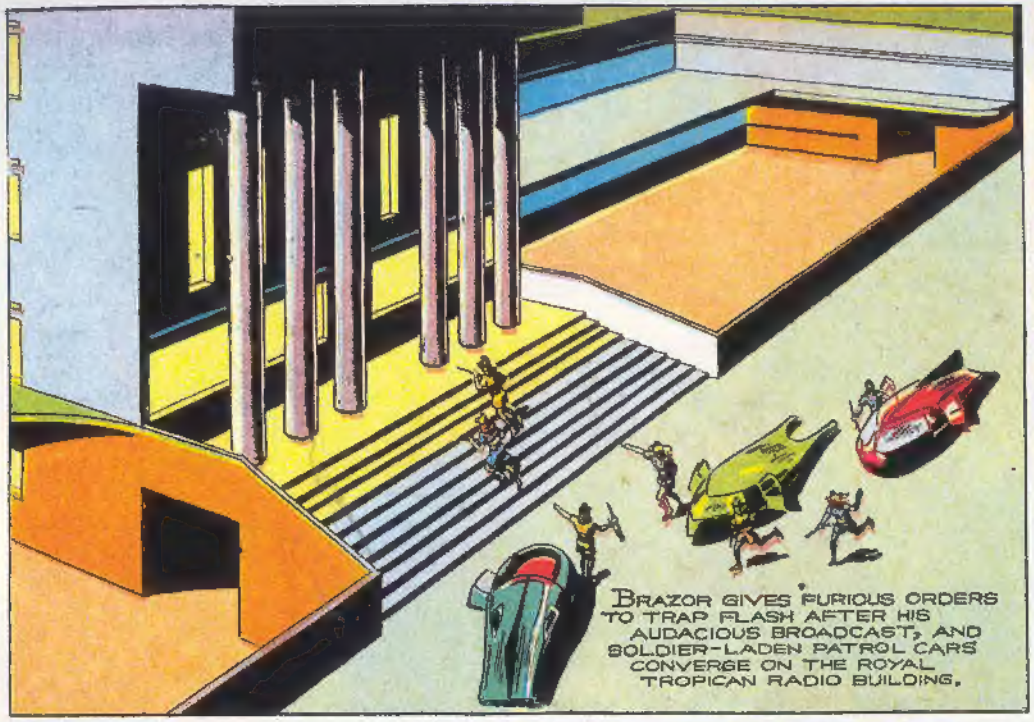

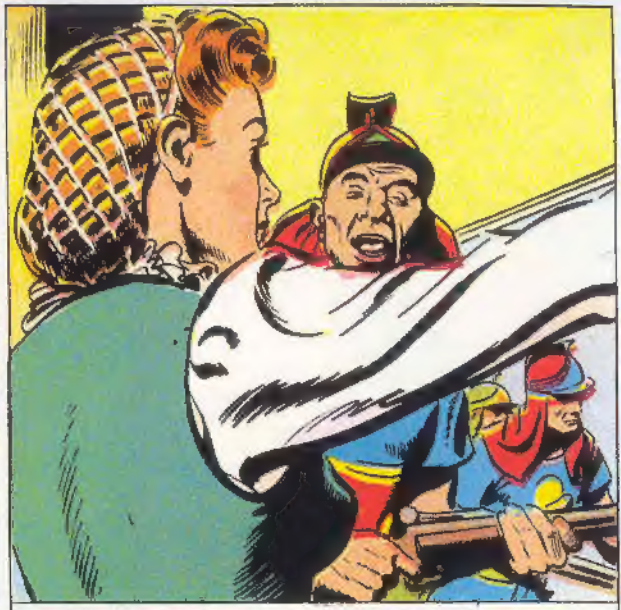

INSIDE THE BUILDING, THE GIRL AT THE SWITCHBOARD GREETS THE SOLDIERS WITH: "FLASH GORDON IS STILL BROADCASTING FROM THE MAIN STUDIO--- UPSTAIRS---TAKE THAT ELEVATOR!"

THEN THE GIRL SHORT-CIRCUITS HER RADIOPHONE SWITCHBOARD, BLOWING OUT THE MAIN POWER LINE, AND TRAPPING THE ELEVATOR BETWEEN FLOORS---JUST AS FLASH AND TRICO EMERGE FROM THEIR GROUND-FLOOR STUDIO.

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OUTSIDE, FLASH AND TRICO FIND THE AREA SEETHING WITH SOLDIERS. FLASH SPOTS A WELL-GUARDED ROTOR-PLANE. "WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT," HE MUTTERS TO HIMSELF. "IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!"

NEXT WEEK: TARGET

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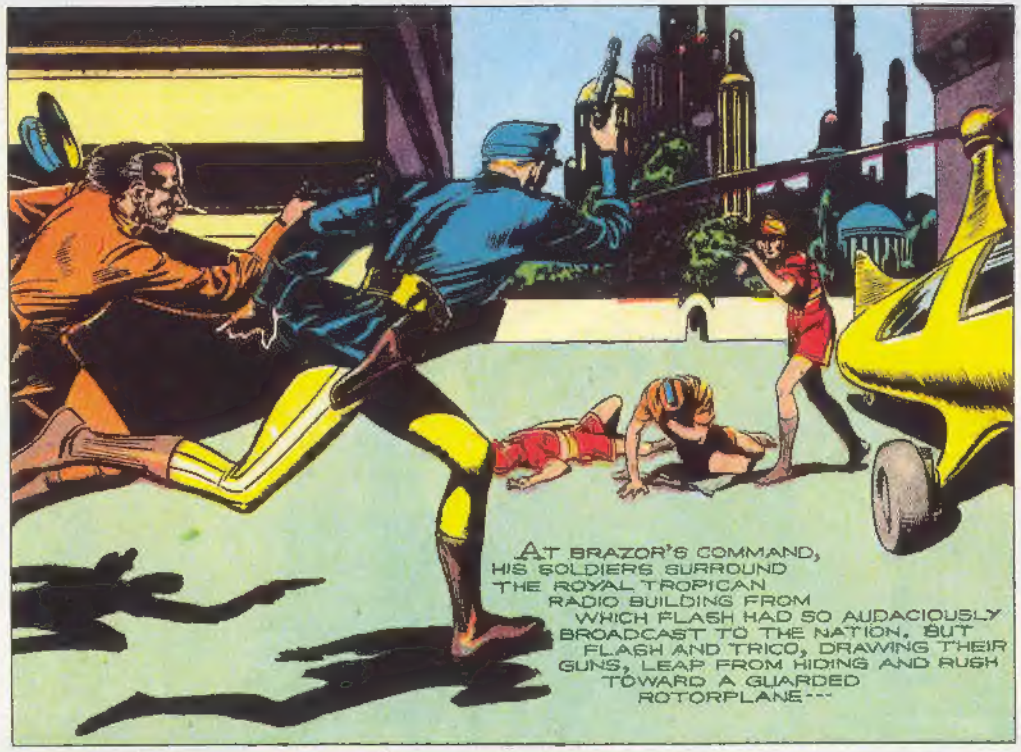

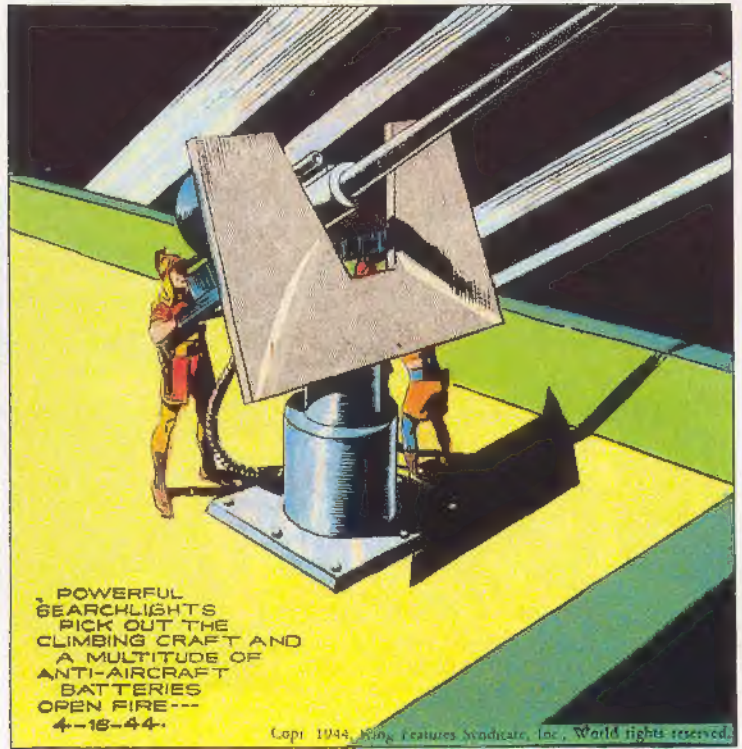

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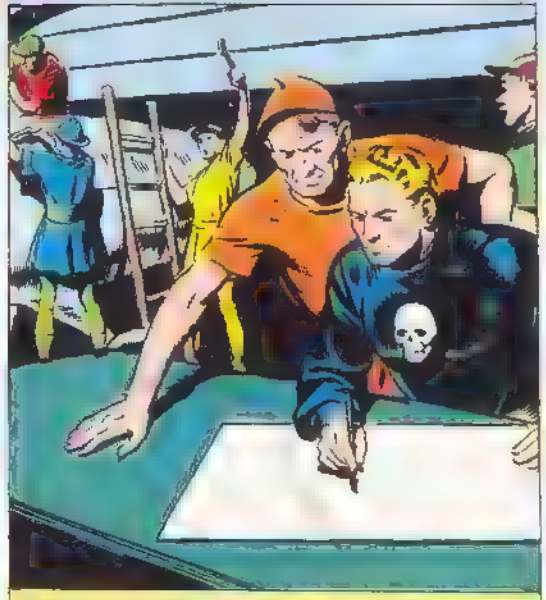
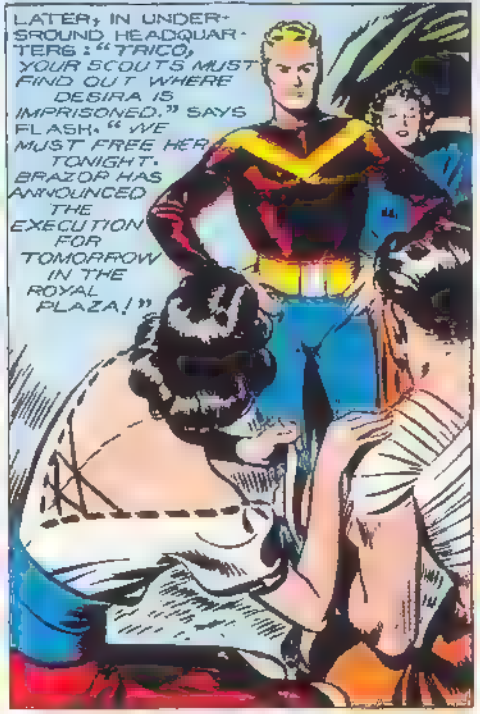
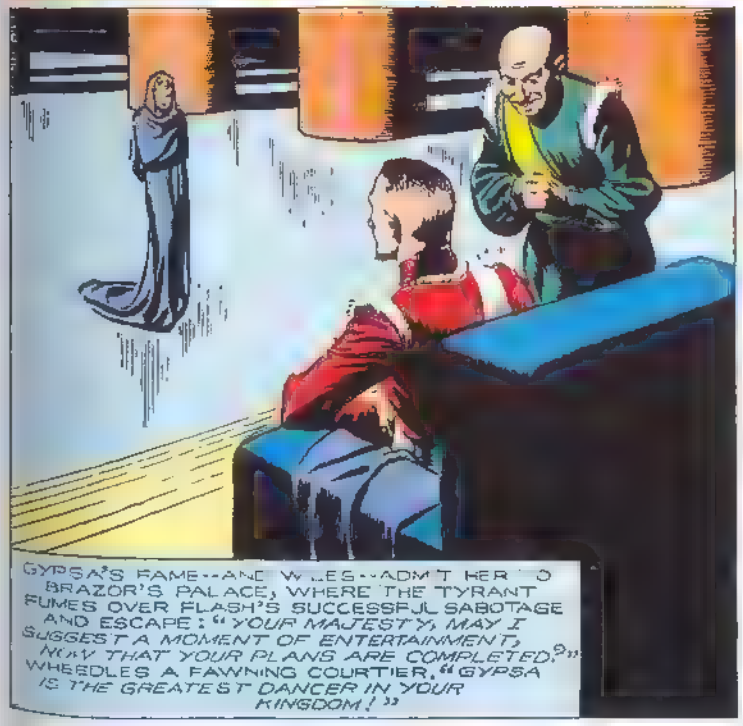


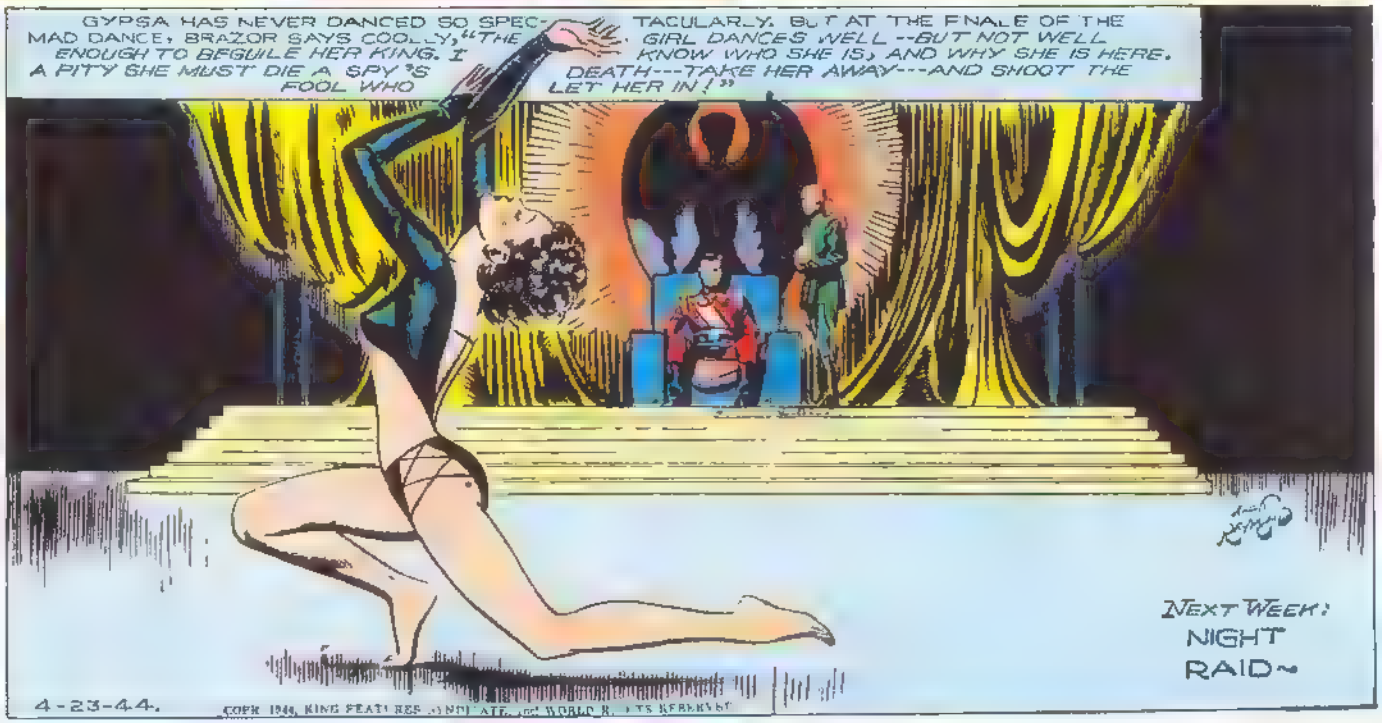
FLASH'S BATTERED ROTORPLANE HAS HARDLY ENTERED THE "EMPTY" GARAGE BEFORE MECHANICS OF THE UNDERGROUND ARE AT WORK: "INSTALL BANKS OF ROCKETS ACCORDING TO THIS DIAGRAM," FLASH ORDERS.



THE DANCING GIRL MAKES A BOLD BID FOR FLASH'S ESTEEM: "WHERE TRICO'S SPIES HAVE FAILED, I SHALL SUCCEED. BRAZOR, HIMSELF, SHALL TELL GYPSA WHERE HE HAS HIDDEN QUEEN DESIRA!" FLASH GRATEFULLY ACCEPTS THE OFFER, AS A TOKEN OF LOYALTY TO THE QUEEN.



GYPSA'S FAME--AND WILES--ADMIT HER TO BRAZOR'S PALACE, WHERE THE TYRANT FUMES OVER FLASH'S SUCCESSFUL SABOTAGE AND ESCAPE: "YOUR MAJESTY, MAY I SUGGEST A MOMENT OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOW THAT YOUR PLANS ARE COMPLETED?" WHEEDLES A FAWNING COURTIER. "GYPSA IS THE GREATEST DANCER IN YOUR KINGDOM!"



NEXT WEEK: NIGHT RAID~

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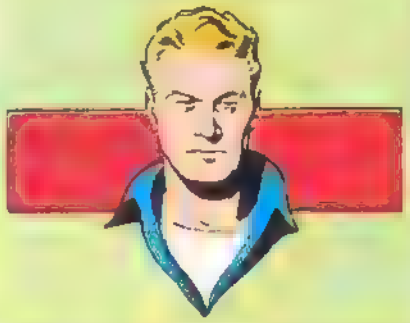
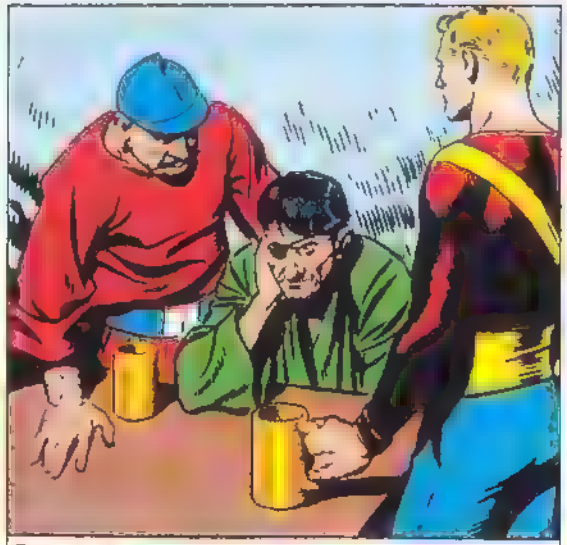
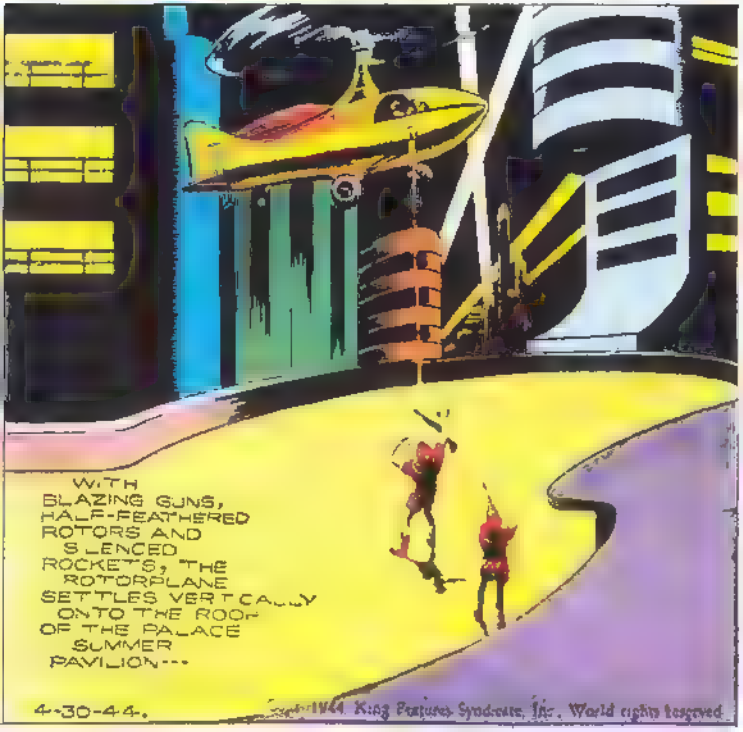




ONE OF THE THIEVES' GUILD REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF: "I BRIBED MY BROTHER, A PALACE GUARD. HE SAW THE WOMAN PRISONER TAKEN FROM BRAZOR'S PALACE TO THE SUMMER PAVILION. IT'S LIGHTLY GUARDED!" TRICO SAYS: "STRANGE, IT SMELLS LIKE A TRAP!" BUT FLASH DECIDES: "BRAZOR IS CLEVER ENOUGH TO HIDE DESIRA IN THAT OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT. LET'S GET GOING!"

"WE HAVEN'T TESTED THE NEW ROCKETS YET, SIR," THE BOSS MECHANIC SAYS. FLASH SMILES: "I'LL TEST THEM--- OVER BRAZOR'S PALACE!"

AS FLASH IS ABOUT TO STEP INTO THE PLANE, DALE RUNS UP, PLEADING: "TAKE ME ALONG. I'M SMALL AND LIGHT--AND I CAN GUARD THE ROTORPLANE."



WITH BLAZING GUNS, HALF-FEATHERED ROTORS AND SILENCED ROCKETS, THE ROTORPLANE SETTLES VERTICALLY ONTO THE ROOF OF THE PALACE SUMMER PAVILION---

4-30-44.

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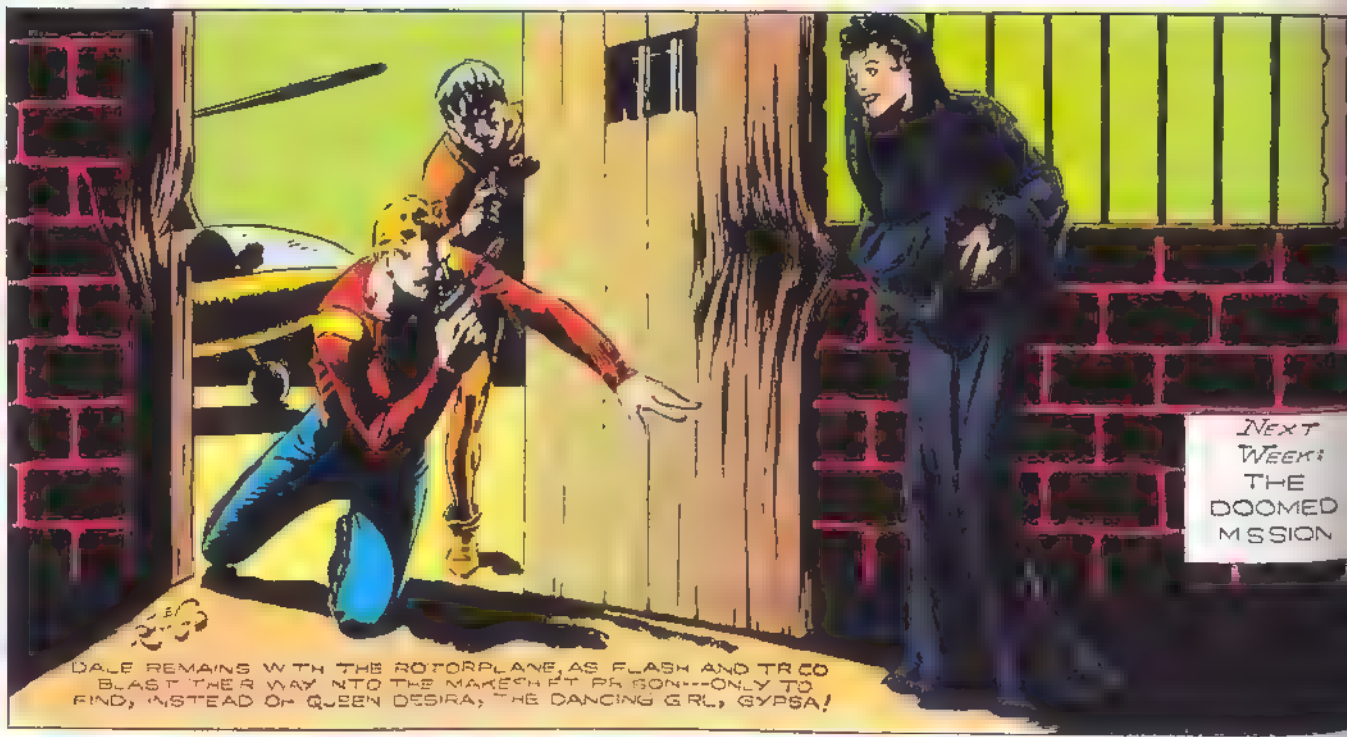
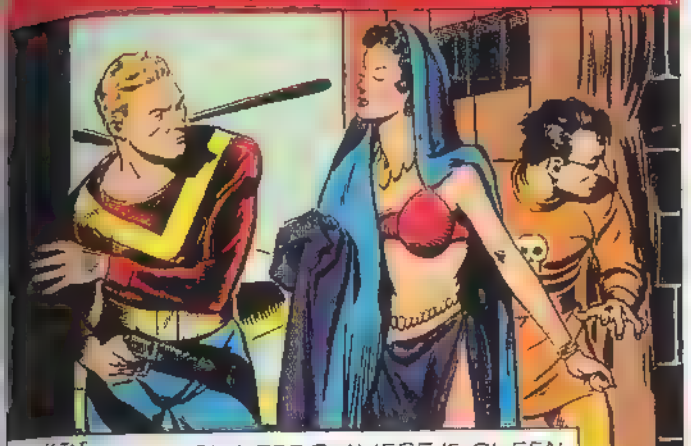
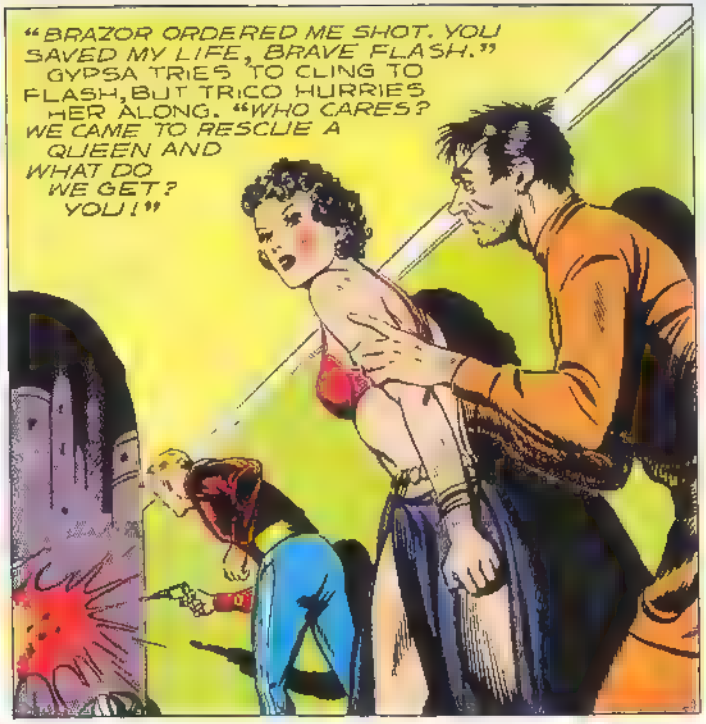


DALE REMAINS WITH THE ROTORPLANE, AS FLASH AND TRICO BLAST THEIR WAY INTO THE MAKESHIFT PRISON---ONLY TO FIND, INSTEAD OF QUEEN DESIRA, THE DANCING GIRL, GYPSA!

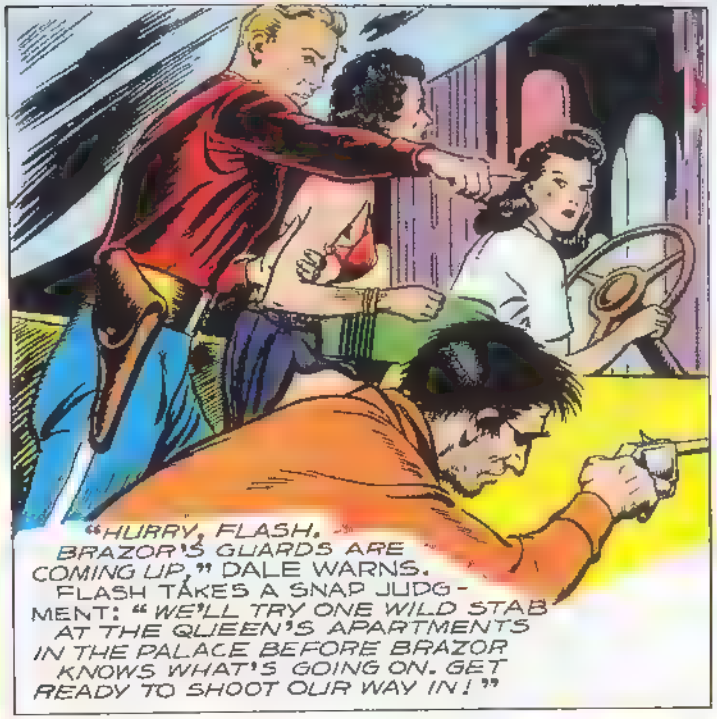
FLASH GORDON



"WHY ARE YOU HERE? WHERE IS QUEEN DESIRA?" FLASH DEMANDS IN BITTER FRUSTRATION. THE FIERY GYPSA STAMPS HER FOOT: "THAT COLD FISH, BRAZOR, GUESSED I WAS SPYING AND ARRESTED ME. AS FOR DESIRA--- PFUI! SHE'S NOT HERE. PROBABLY LOCKED IN THE MAIN PALACE."

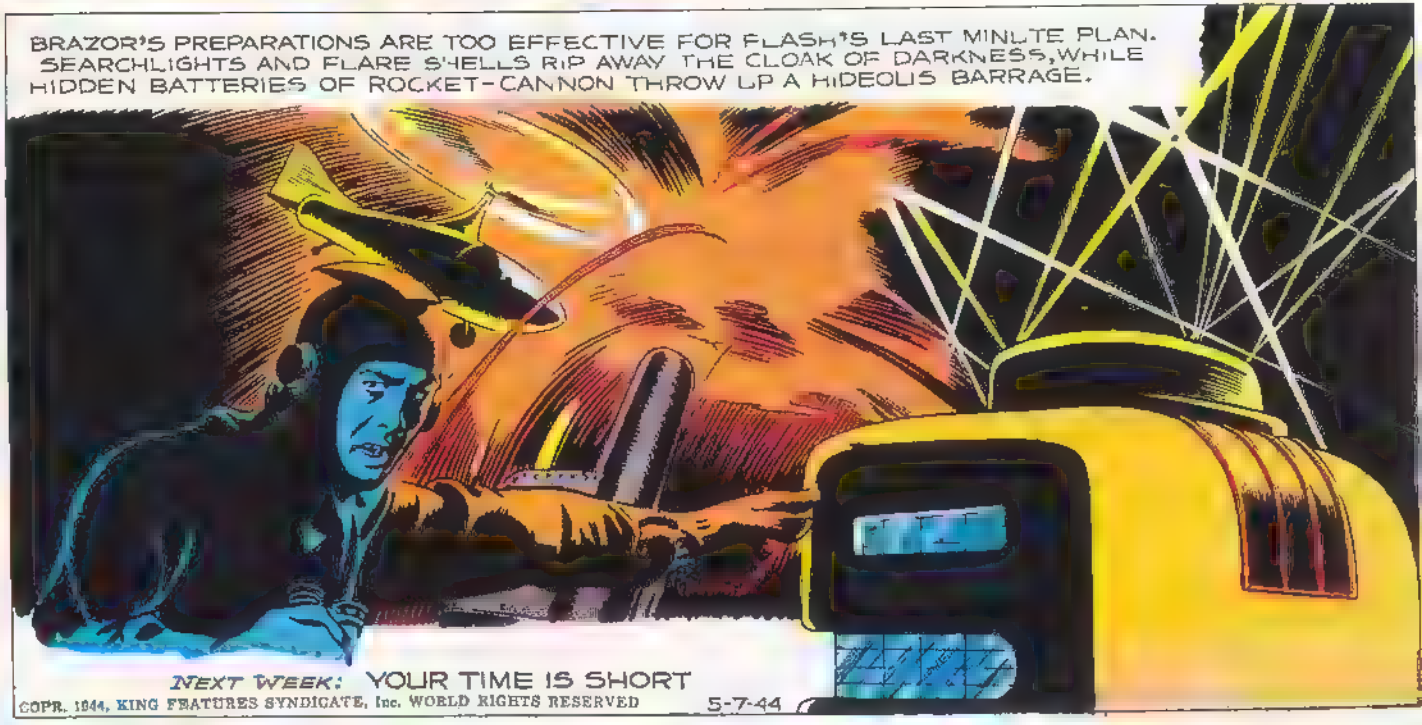


"BRAZOR ORDERED ME SHOT. YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BRAVE FLASH." GYPSA TRIES TO CLING TO FLASH, BUT TRICO HURRIES HER ALONG. "WHO CARES? WE CAME TO RESCUE A QUEEN AND WHAT DO WE GET? YOU!"



"HURRY, FLASH. BRAZOR'S GUARDS ARE COMING UP," DALE WARNS. FLASH TAKES A SNAP JUDGMENT: "WE'LL TRY ONE WILD STAB AT THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS IN THE PALACE BEFORE BRAZOR KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON. GET READY TO SHOOT OUR WAY IN!"

BUT FLASH HAS LOST THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE. BRAZOR HAS LONG FORESEEN THE DANGER OF AN UPRISING AMONG HIS DISGUSTED PEOPLE. THE PALACE TROOPS MAN THEIR BATTLE STATIONS AT THE ALARM.



BRAZOR'S PREPARATIONS ARE TOO EFFECTIVE FOR FLASH'S LAST MINUTE PLAN. SEARCHLIGHTS AND FLARE SHELLS RIP AWAY THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS, WHILE HIDDEN BATTERIES OF ROCKET-CANNON THROW UP A HIDEOUS BARRAGE.

NEXT WEEK: YOUR TIME IS SHORT

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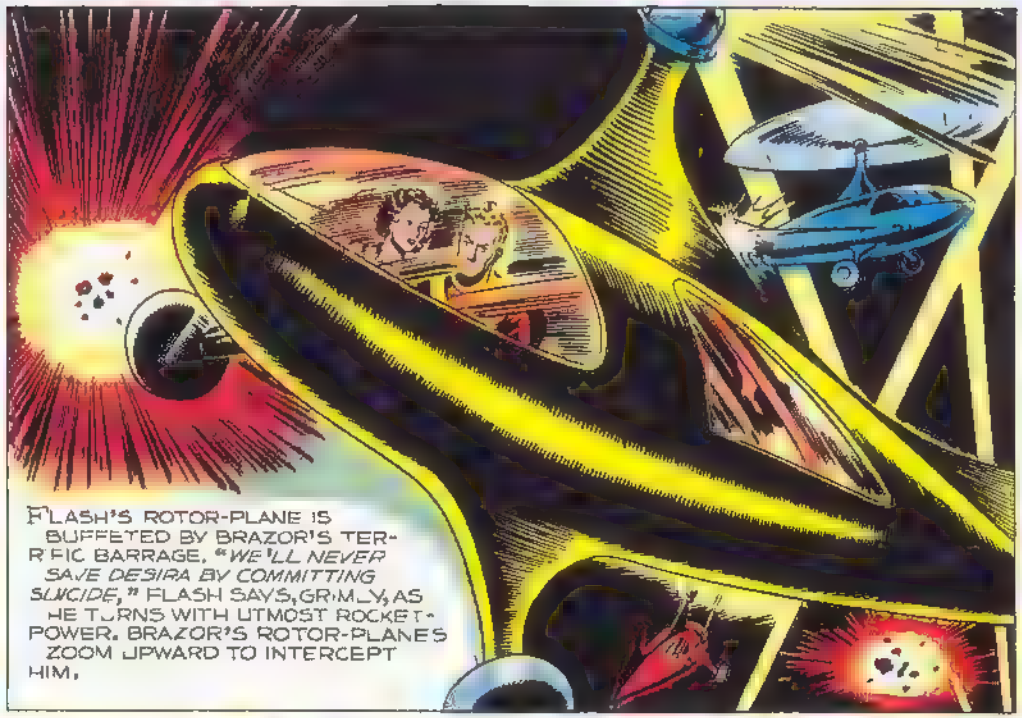

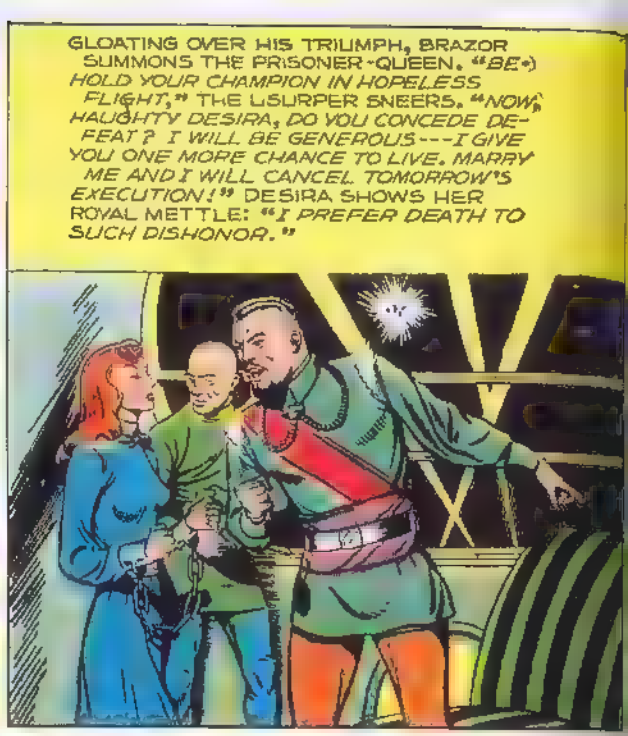

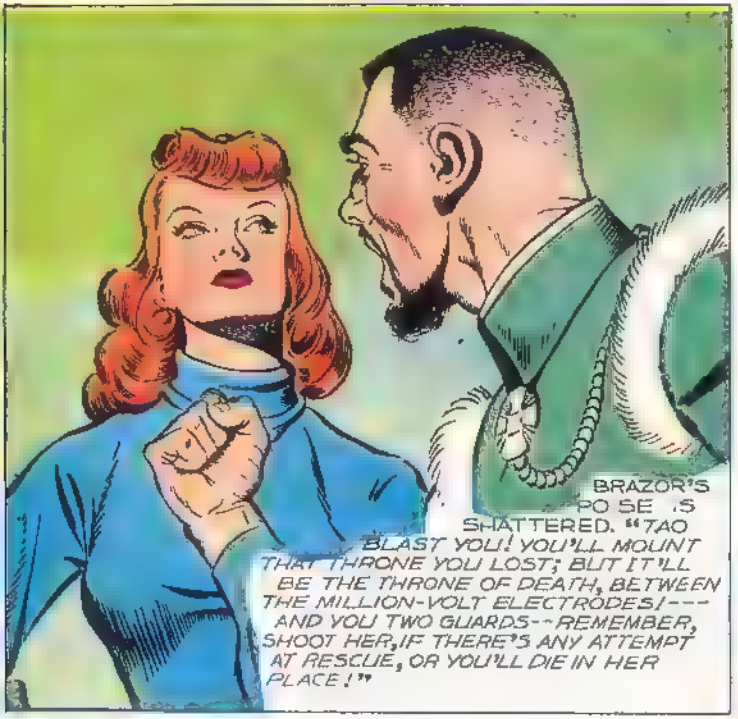

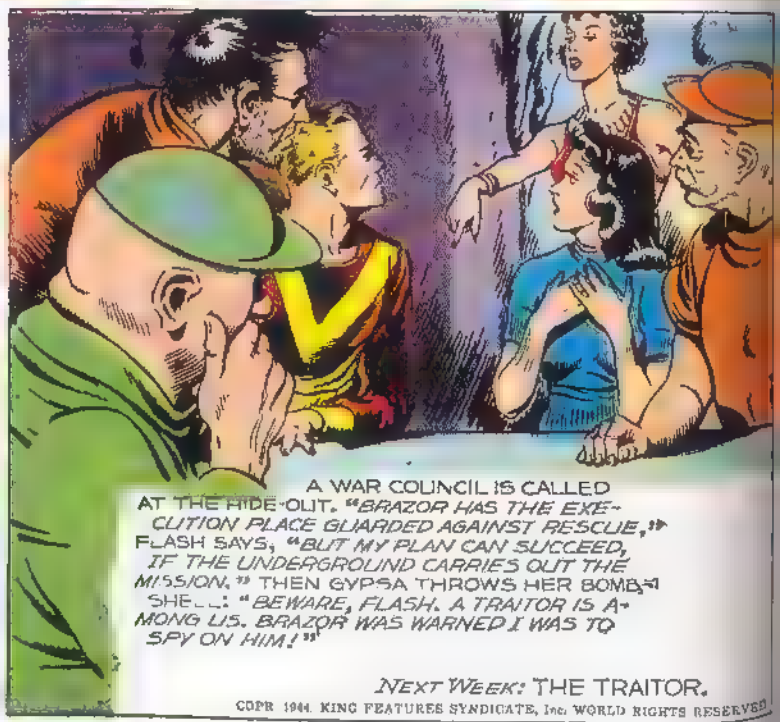

NEXT WEEK: THE TRAITOR.

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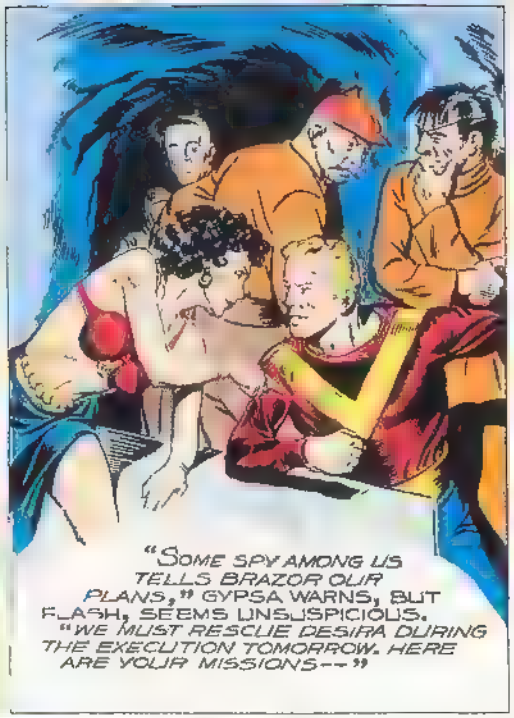
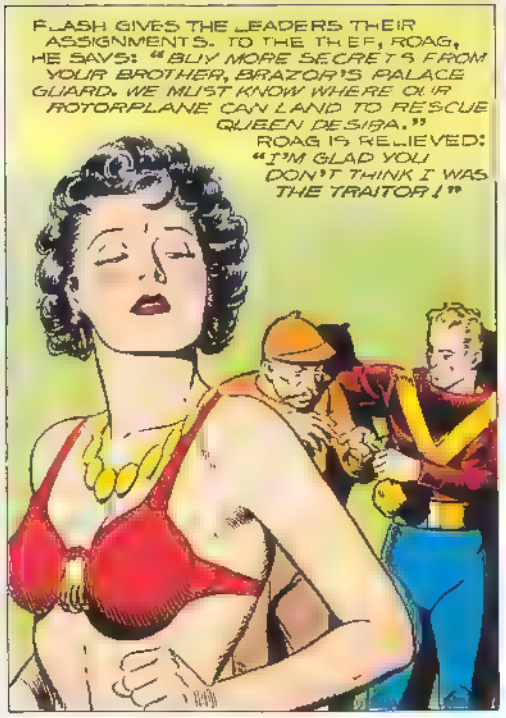
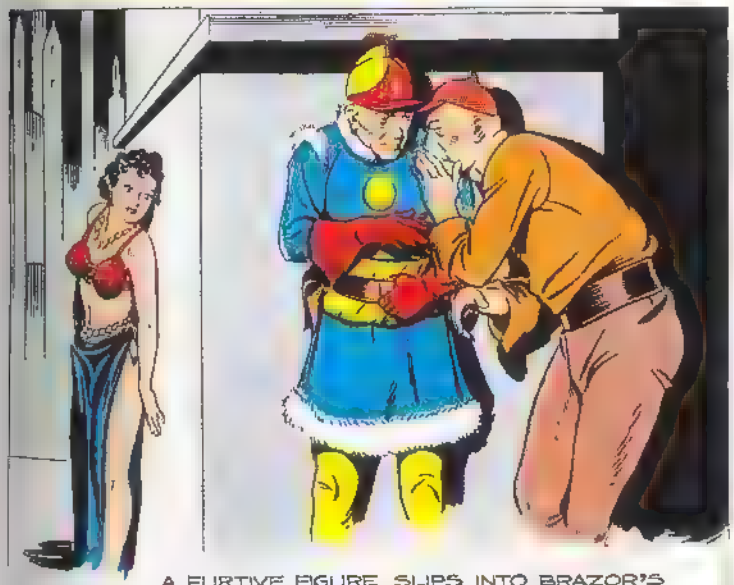


"SOME SPY AMONG US TELLS BRAZOR OUR PLANS," GYPSA WARNS, BUT FLASH, SEEMS UNSUSPICIOUS. "WE MUST RESCUE DESIRA DURING THE EXECUTION TOMORROW. HERE ARE YOUR MISSIONS--"



FLASH GIVES THE LEADERS THEIR ASSIGNMENTS. TO THE THIEF, ROAG, HE SAYS: "BUY MORE SECRETS FROM YOUR BROTHER, BRAZOR'S PALACE GUARD. WE MUST KNOW WHERE OUR ROTORPLANE CAN LAND TO RESCUE QUEEN DESIRA." ROAG IS RELIEVED: "I'M GLAD YOU DON'T THINK I WAS THE TRAITOR!"

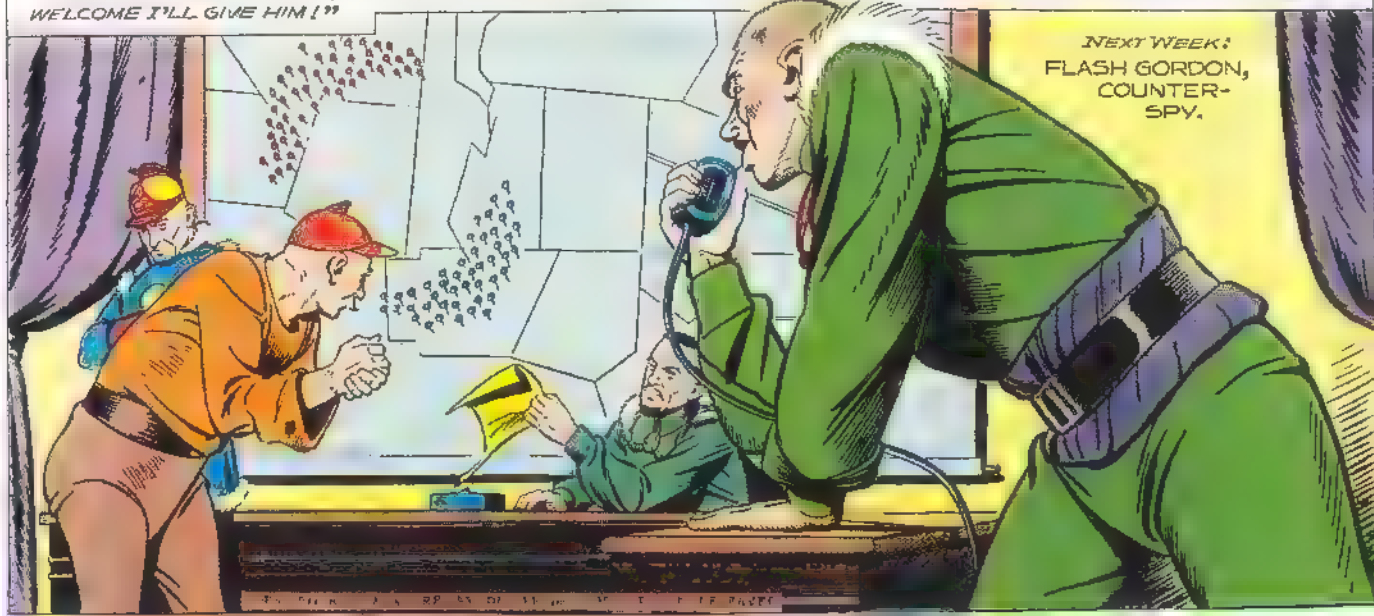
ROAG HURRIES TO START HIS PERILOUS TASK, AS FLASH GIVES TRICO LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS: "YOU AND OUR CHIEF MECHANIC WILL BE BUSY ALL NIGHT, INSTALLING SECRET WEAPONS AND PRACTICING THE ROCKET-CONTROLS."



A FURTIVE FIGURE SLIPS INTO BRAZOR'S PALACE. ROAG WAS NOT LYING ABOUT HAVING A BROTHER IN HIGH PLACES... "GET ME IN TO SEE THE KING. I HAVE NEWS WORTH SO MUCH GOLD THAT WE'LL NEVER NEED TO STEAL AGAIN!"

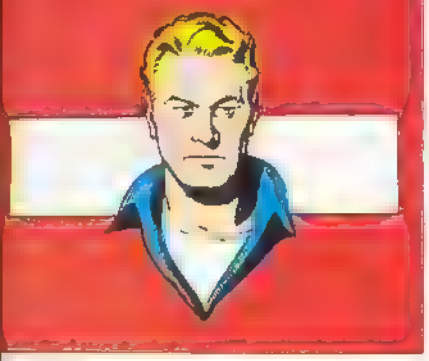
5-21-44

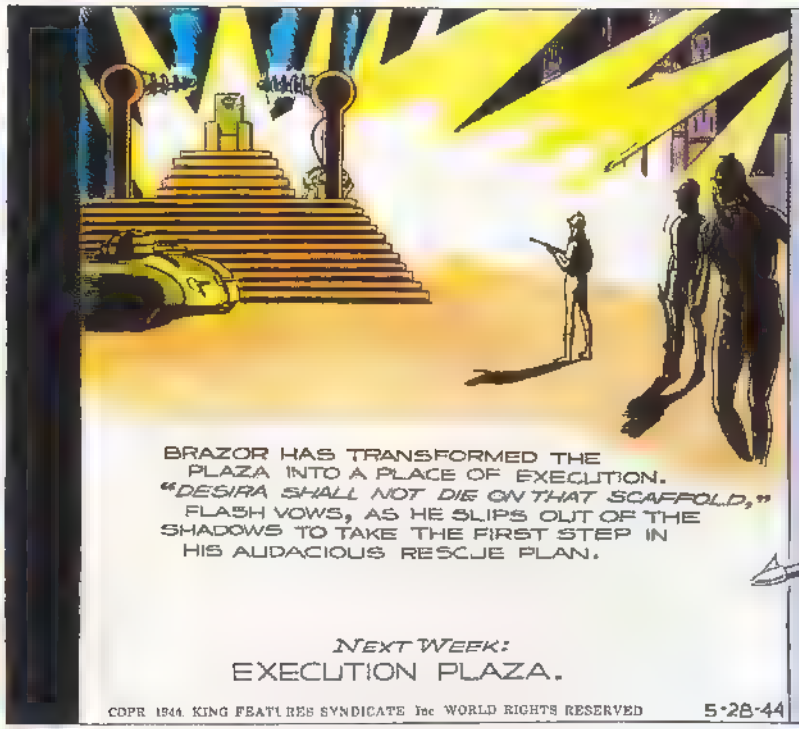
ROAG'S INFORMATION GETS HIM AN AUDIENCE WITH THE TYRANT, EVEN THOUGH BRAZOR IS BUSY IN HIS HEADQUARTERS, FIGHTING OFF AN ATTACK BY THE ARMY OF FREEDOM OUTSIDE THE CITY. BRAZOR SMILES: "GOOD, ROAG. YOU WIN A HUNDRED THOUSAND GOLD MINGOLS. HERE ARE MY PLANS FOR GUARDING THE EXECUTION PLAZA -- TELL FLASH YOU STOLE THEM, BUT YOUR BROTHER WILL BE HOSTAGE SO YOU WON'T TELL FLASH WHAT AN EXTRA WELCOME I'LL GIVE HIM!"

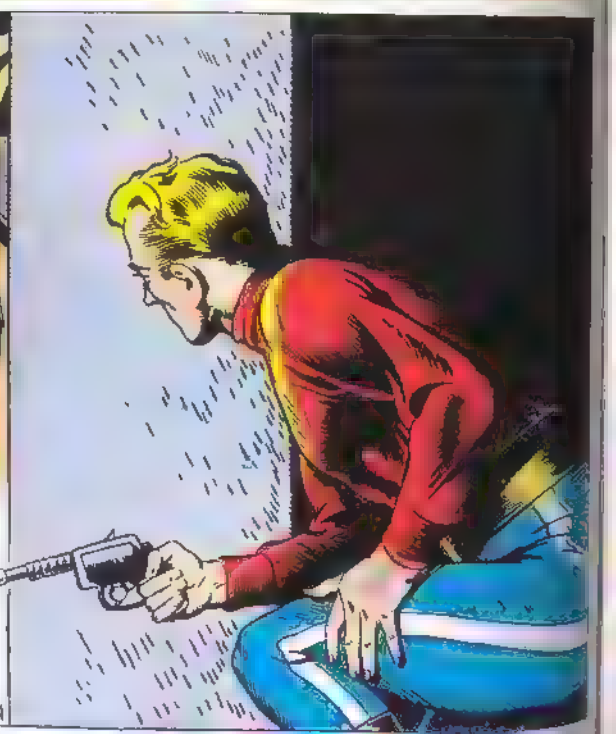


NEXT WEEK: FLASH GORDON, COUNTER-SPY.

FLASH GORDON







NEXT WEEK:
EXECUTION PLAZA.

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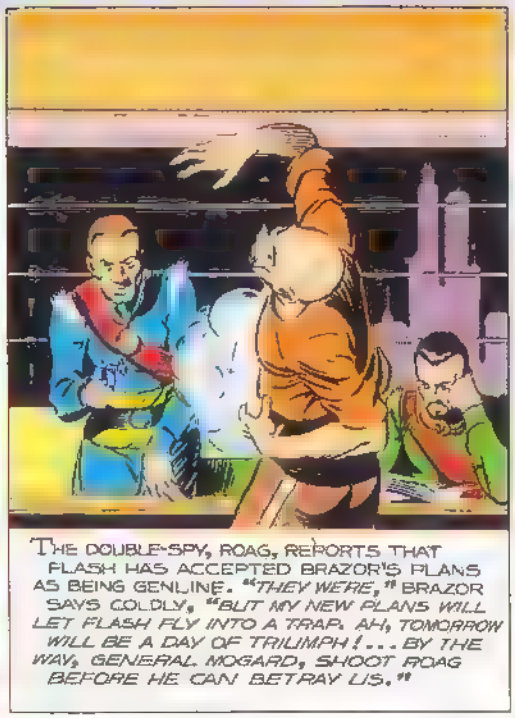
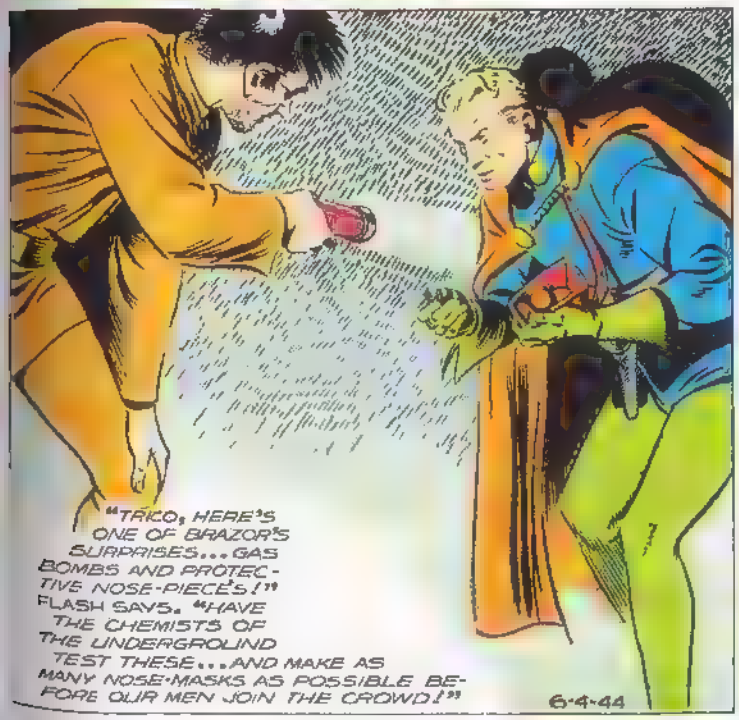
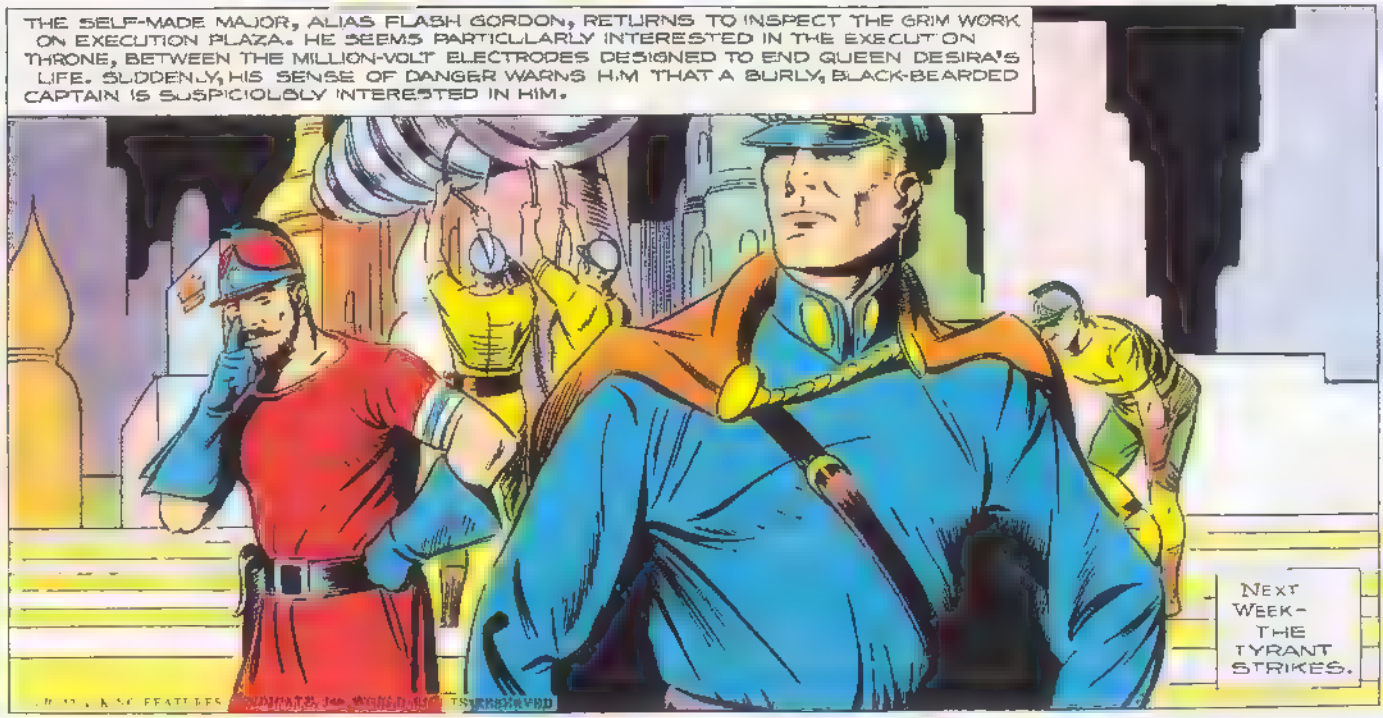
FLASH GORDON







FLASH GORDON

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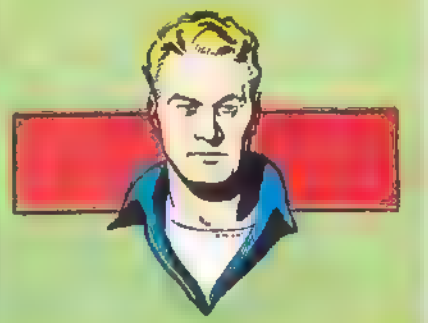

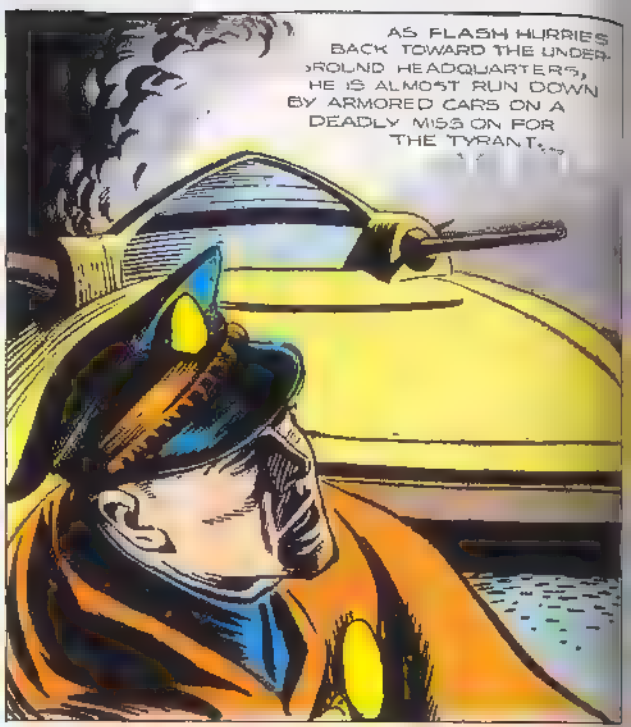

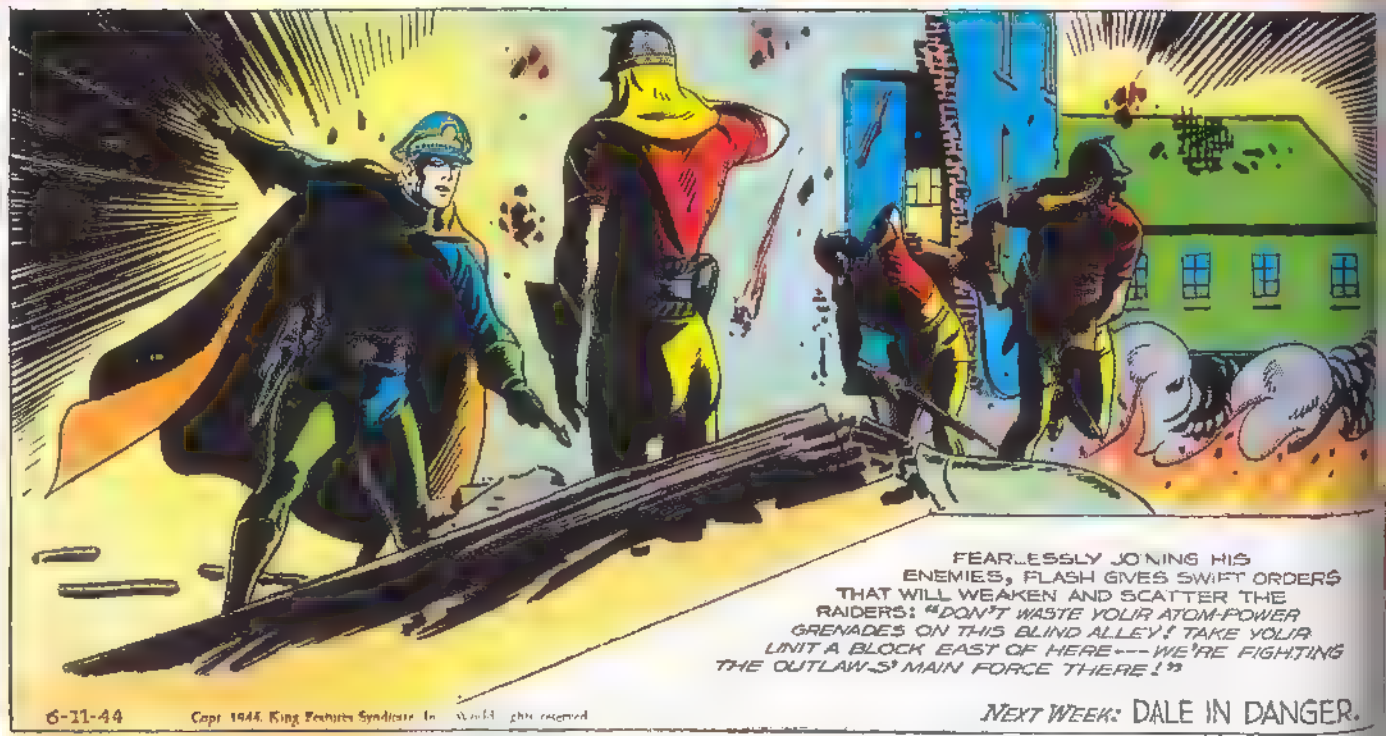

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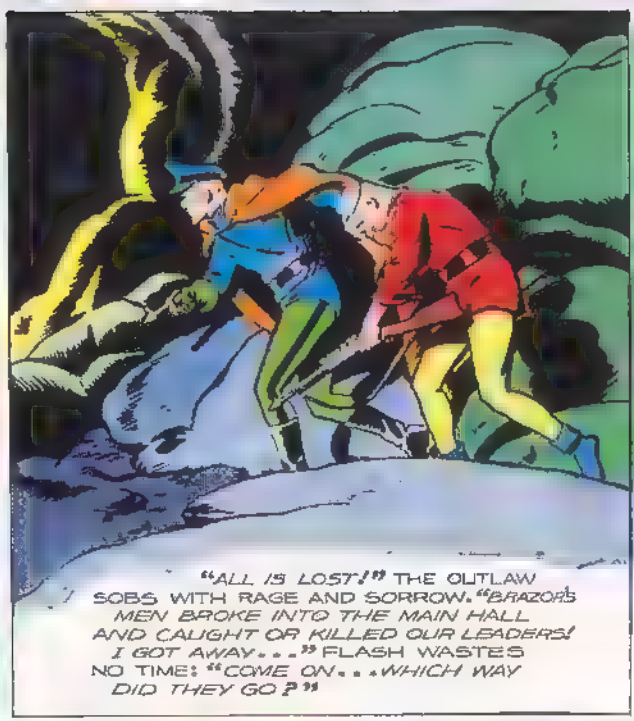
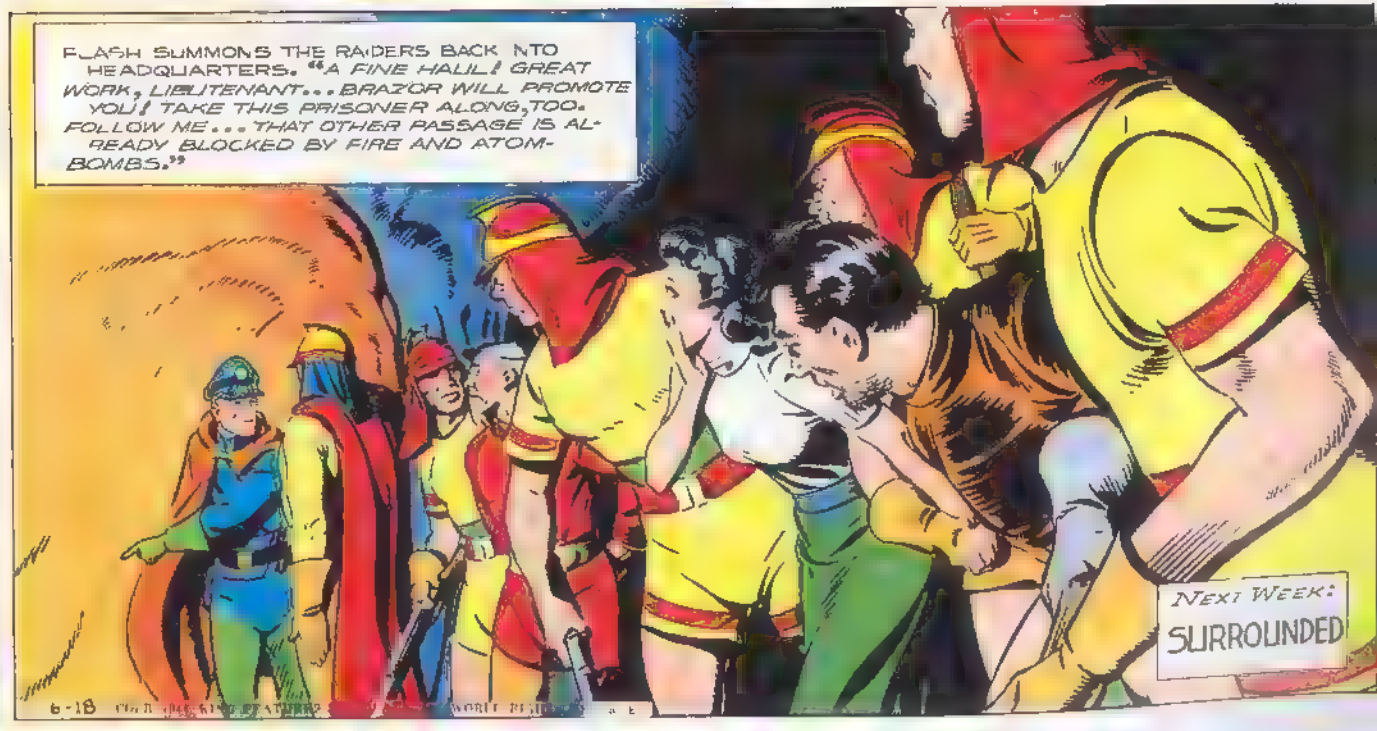
NEXT WEEK: DALE IN DANGER.

FLASH TRIES FURIOUSLY TO DISRUPT BRAZOR'S RAID WITH CONFUSING ORDERS. PUSHING TO THE FOREFRONT OF THE ATTACKERS, HE SEIZES HIS CHANCE TO GET INTO THE UNDERGROUND RABBIT-WARREN OF SECRET PASSAGES.



"ALL IS LOST!" THE OUTLAW SOBS WITH RAGE AND SORROW. "BRAZOR'S MEN BROKE INTO THE MAIN HALL AND CAUGHT OR KILLED OUR LEADERS! I GOT AWAY..." FLASH WASTES NO TIME: "COME ON...WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?"

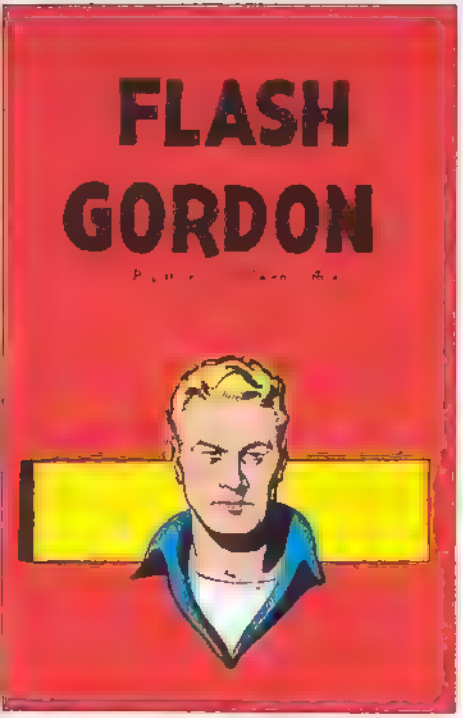
FLASH WASTES NO TIME IN THE SHAMBLES THAT WAS ONCE THE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS. "HALT!" HE SHOUTS, AS HE SEES THE RAIDING FORCE STARTING DOWN A SIDE PASSAGE.

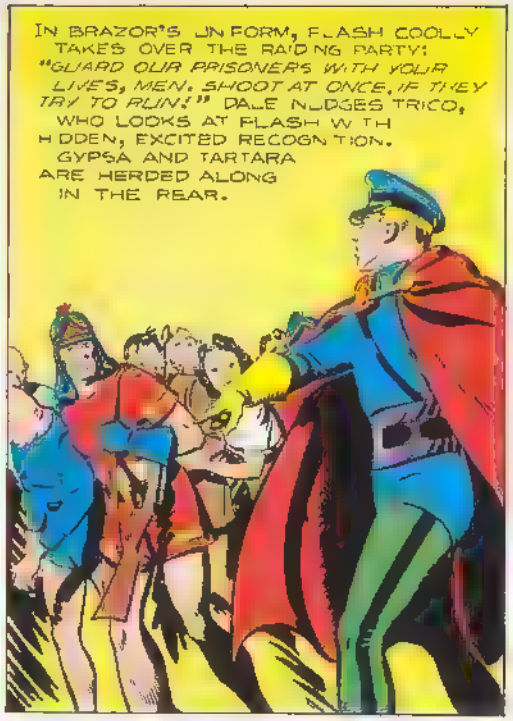


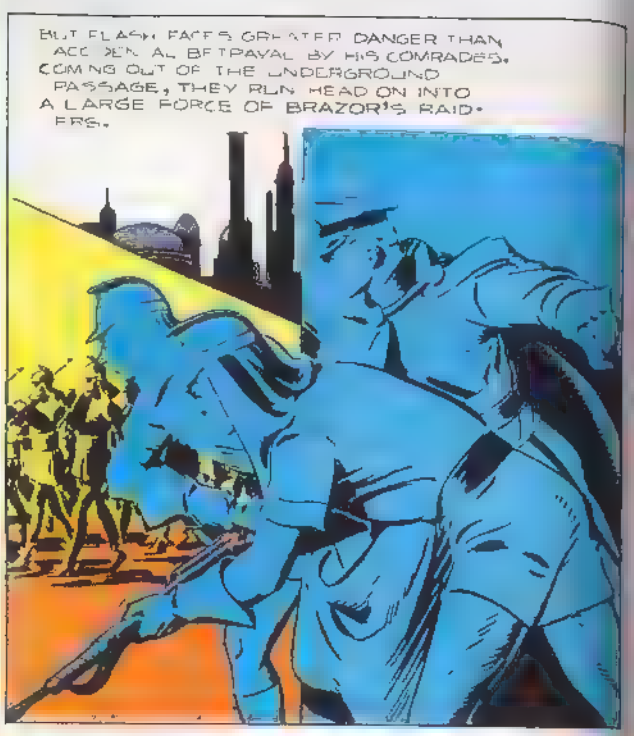
FLASH SUMMONS THE RAIDERS BACK INTO HEADQUARTERS. "A FINE HAUL! GREAT WORK, LIEUTENANT...BRAZOR WILL PROMOTE YOU! TAKE THIS PRISONER ALONG, TOO. FOLLOW ME... THAT OTHER PASSAGE IS ALREADY BLOCKED BY FIRE AND ATOM-BOMBS."

NEXT WEEK: SURROUNDED

FLASH GORDON



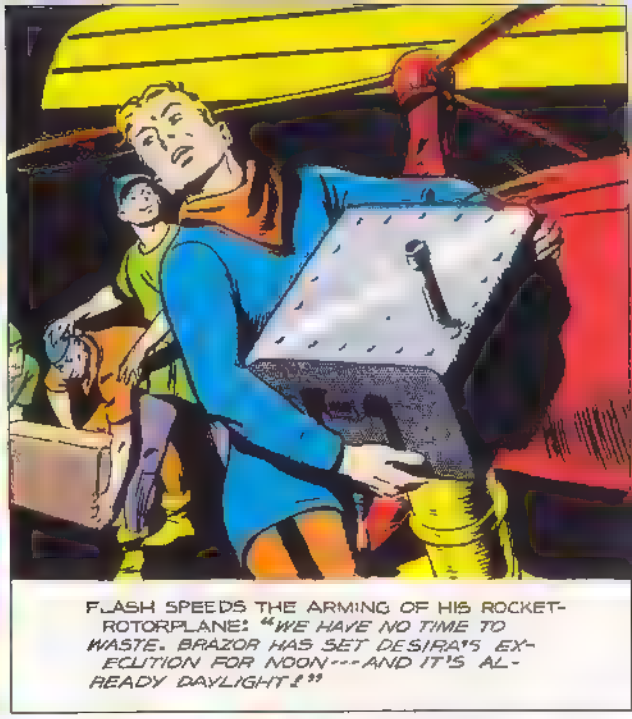




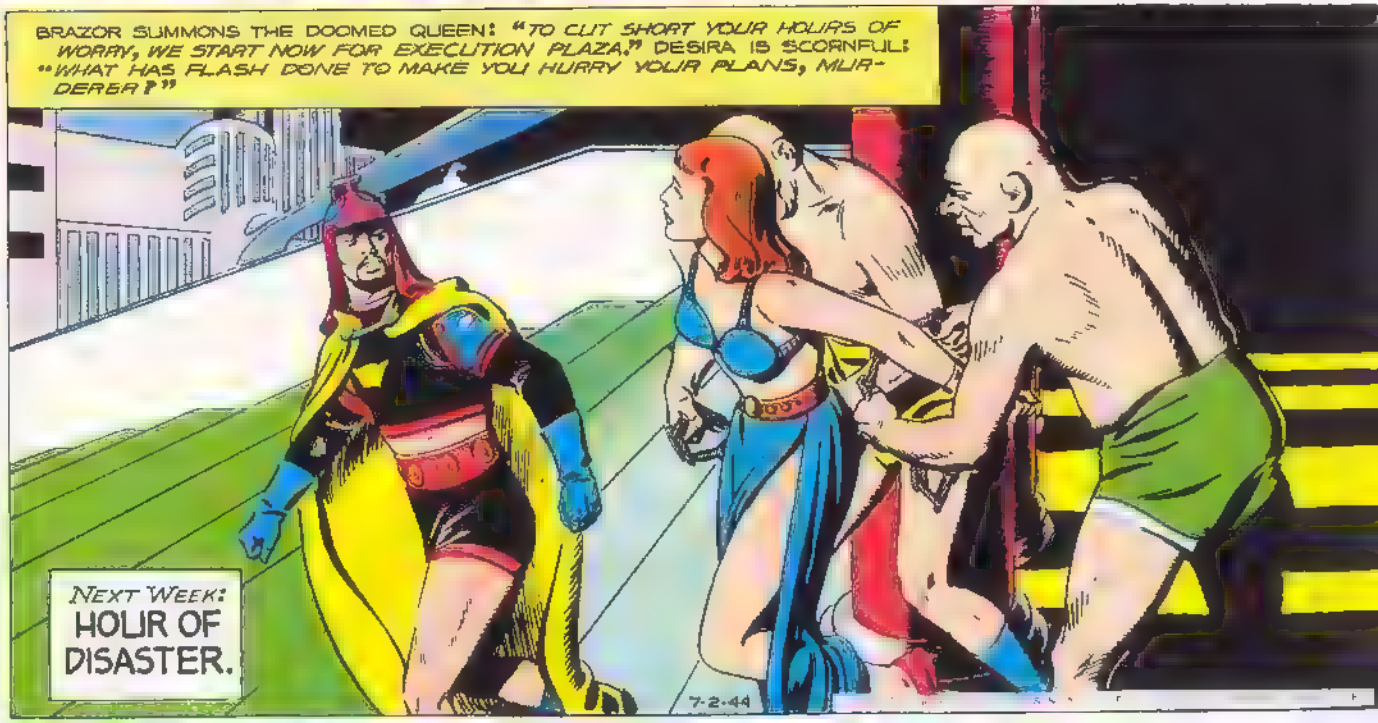
FLASH
GORDON

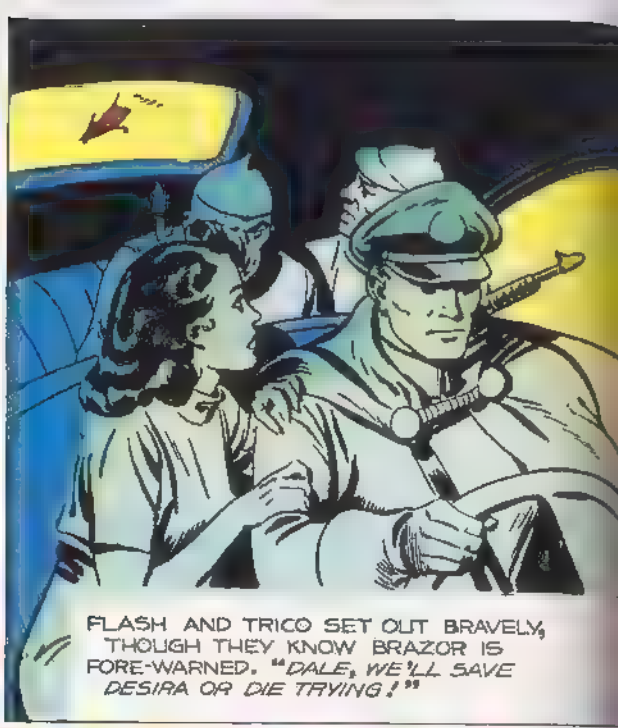
GYPSA IS FULL OF REMORSE: "FORGIVE ME FOR DOUBTING YOU!" FLASH SHRUGS: "DID YOU? NO MATTER. TRICO, LEAD US TO THE ROTORPLANE!"

FLASH AND TRICO MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE WHERE THEY LEFT THE ROTORPLANE. "BRAZOR HASN'T FOUND THIS HIDEOUT, YET!" TRICO TRIUMPHS.


FLASH SPEEDS THE ARMING OF HIS ROCKET-ROTORPLANE: "WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE. BRAZOR HAS SET DESIRA'S EXECUTION FOR NOON---AND IT'S ALREADY DAYLIGHT!"

MEANWHILE, A YOUNG LIEUTENANT REPORTS: "I HAD CAPTURED TRICO AND SOME WOMEN---THEN A YELLOW-HAIRED OFFICER SENT ME INTO AN AMBUSH!" "YOU IDIOT!" BRAZOR RAGES, "THAT WAS FLASH!"


BRAZOR SUMMONS THE DOOMED QUEEN: "TO CUT SHORT YOUR HOURS OF WORRY, WE START NOW FOR EXECUTION PLAZA." DESIRA IS SCORNFUL: "WHAT HAS FLASH DONE TO MAKE YOU HURRY YOUR PLANS, MURDERER?"
NEXT WEEK: HOUR OF DISASTER.
7-2-44



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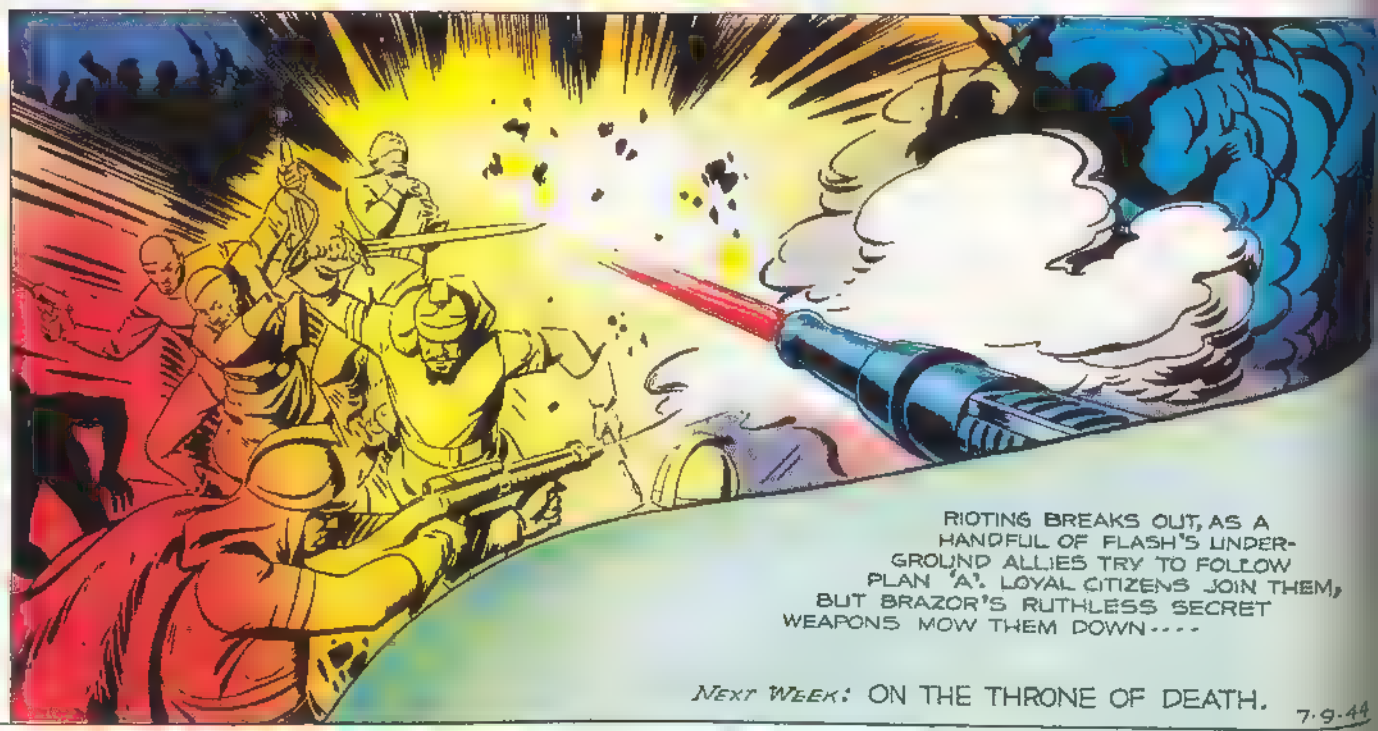
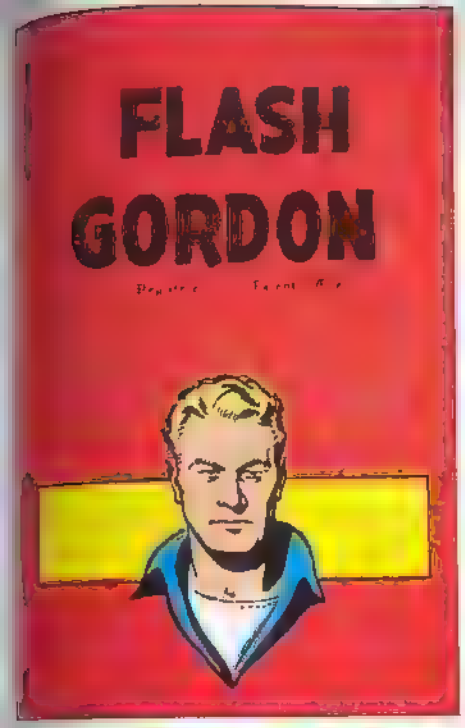
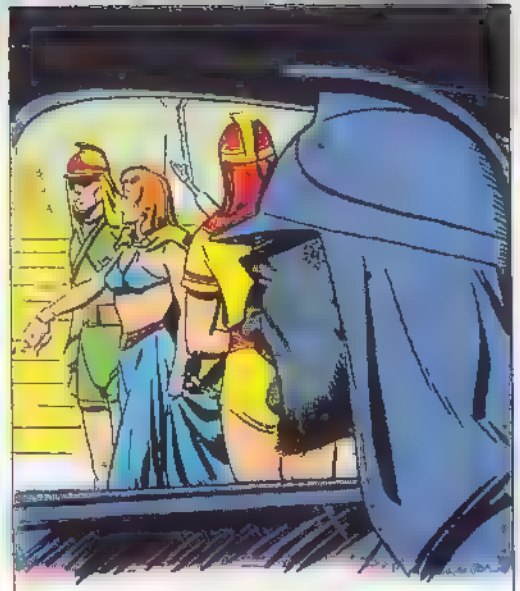


NEXT WEEK: ON THE THRONE OF DEATH.

7-9-44

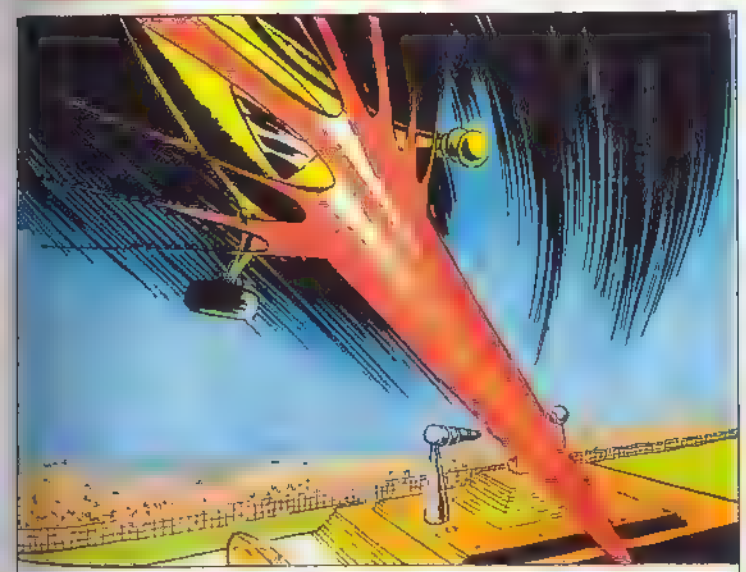




BRAZOR ORDERS THE DOOMED QUEEN DESIRA INSIDE THE ELECTRIC STOCKADE OF EXECUTION PLAZA.

CHAINS AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIR CANNOT DIM THE BRAVE GLORY OF DESIRA'S FAREWELL: *"WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE, MY PEOPLE, FIGHT ON FOR FREEDOM!"*

FLASH PUSHES DESPERATELY THROUGH THE THRONG, MILLING AROUND THE ELECTRIFIED BARBED WIRE: *"HURRY, WE HAVE ONLY MINUTES LEFT! WHERE'S TRICO?"*



BEFORE BRAZOR CAN GIVE THE ORDER TO SEND A TORRENT OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH DESIRA'S BODY, TRICO'S ROCKET-ROTORPLANE SWOOPS DOWN ....AND HITS A CONE OF FIRE.

BRAZOR LAUGHS GRIMLY AT TRICO'S DIVING ROTOR-PLANE: *"LIGHT THE FLAME BEAMS ON THE LANDING-SPACE! I PLANNED A HOT WELCOME FOR THIS RESCUE PARTY!"*

7-16

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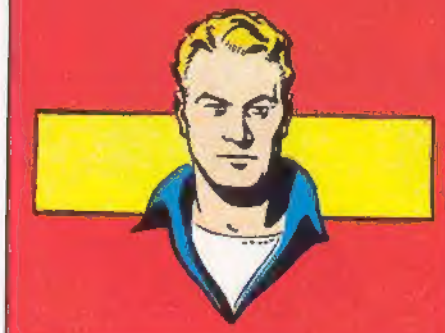

TRICO LOYALLY FOLLOWS FLASH'S ORDERS THROUGH THE DEADLY INFERNO---- AND RAY-BLASTS THE ELECTRIC CABLES OF THE EXECUTION THRONE AND THE STOCKADE.

AS TRICO'S PLANE CRASHES AGAINST BRAZOR'S CAR, FLASH LEADS THE CROWD OVER THE DISABLED BARRICADE, WITH THE BATTLE-CRY: *"FOR FREEDOM AND DESIRA!"*

BRAZOR'S HENCHMEN PULL THEIR LAST DESPERATE TRICK, HURLING SLEEP-GAS BOMBS, BUT FLASH'S MEN PUT ON THEIR NOSE-CLIPS AND RACE ON TO THE THRONE.

A BLACK-BEARDED CAPTAIN IN BRAZOR'S UNIFORM REACHES THE THRONE. WHEN FLASH RAISES HIS GUN, THE MAN CRIES: *"FLASH! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M GUNDAR!"*

QUEEN DESIRA HAS ALREADY SEEN THROUGH THE BLACK-DYED DISGUISE: *"GUNDAR, MY DARLING! YOU CAME AHEAD OF YOUR ARMY TO RESCUE ME!"* FLASH GRINS: *"NO TIME FOR LOVE-MAKING. CUT THOSE CHAINS LOOSE--- HERE COMES BRAZOR'S CAR--- SHOOTING!"*

NEXT WEEK: BRAZOR'S DOOM

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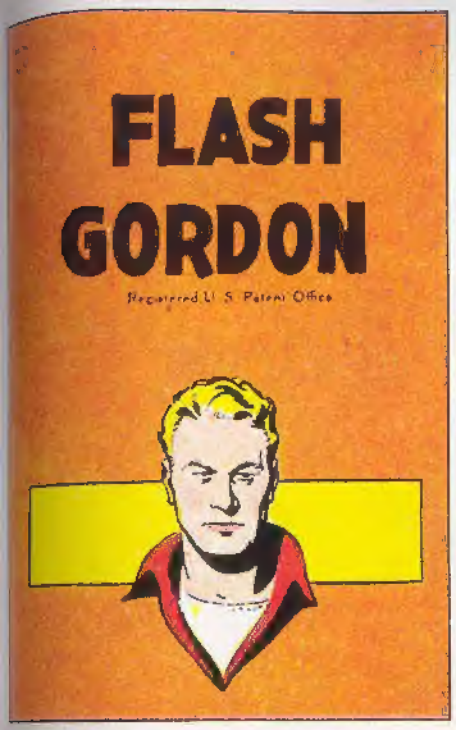
FLASH GORDON
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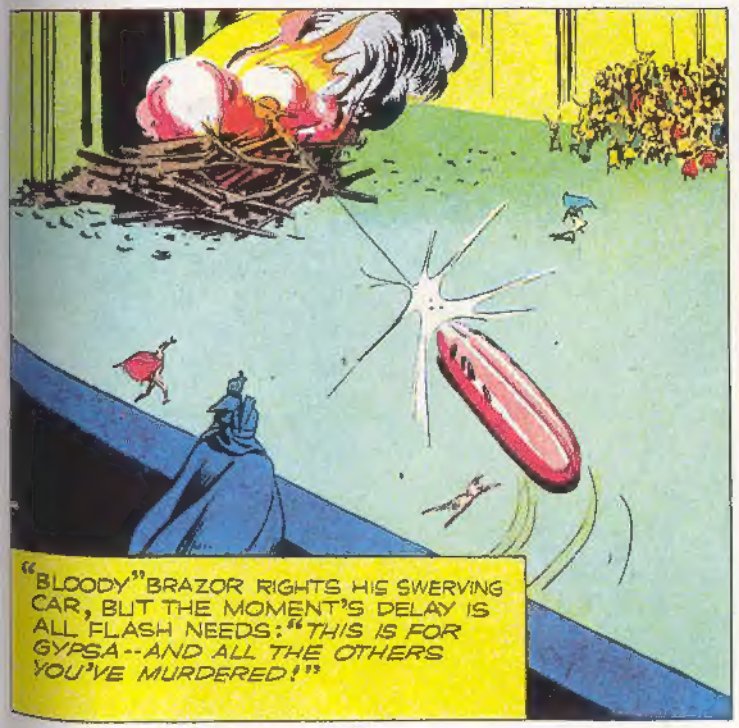
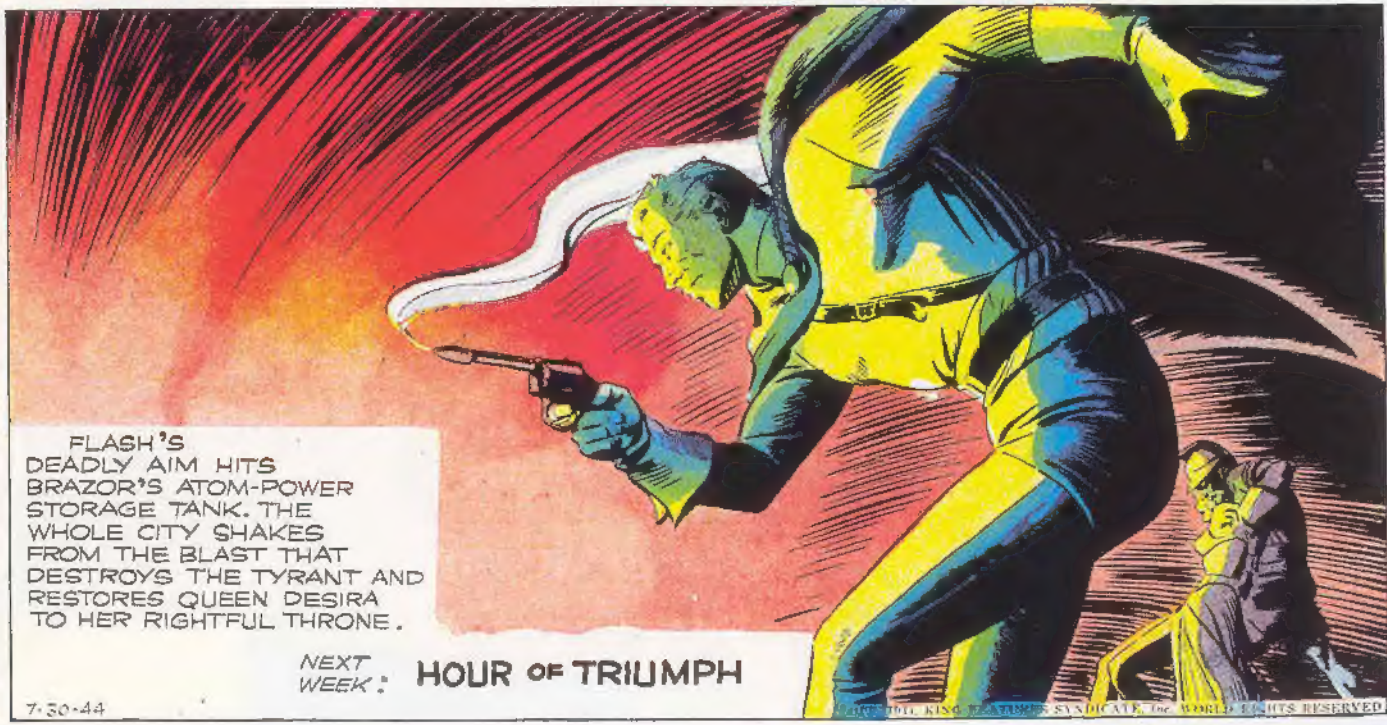
FLASH AND GUNDAR RIP THE MASSIVE EXECUTION THRONE TO PIECES, TRYING TO FREE DESIRA BEFORE BRAZOR'S GUNS PICK THEM OFF LIKE CLAY PIGEONS.

BRAZOR GOES BERSERK. INSTEAD OF SEEKING HIS OWN ESCAPE, HE DRIVES STRAIGHT AT HIS FOES. A LUCKY SHOT SMASHES THE THRONE PLATFORM--

GYPSA SEES FLASH PINNED HELPLESSLY IN BRAZOR'S PATH. SHE SEIZES AN ATOM-BOMB: "YOU NEVER WATCHED MY DANCING, FLASH--MAYBE YOU'LL NOTICE ME NOW!"


"BLOODY" BRAZOR RIGHTS HIS SWERVING CAR, BUT THE MOMENT'S DELAY IS ALL FLASH NEEDS: "THIS IS FOR GYPSA--AND ALL THE OTHERS YOU'VE MURDERED!"


FLASH'S DEADLY AIM HITS BRAZOR'S ATOM-POWER STORAGE TANK. THE WHOLE CITY SHAKES FROM THE BLAST THAT DESTROYS THE TYRANT AND RESTORES QUEEN DESIRA TO HER RIGHTFUL THRONE.
NEXT WEEK: HOUR OF TRIUMPH
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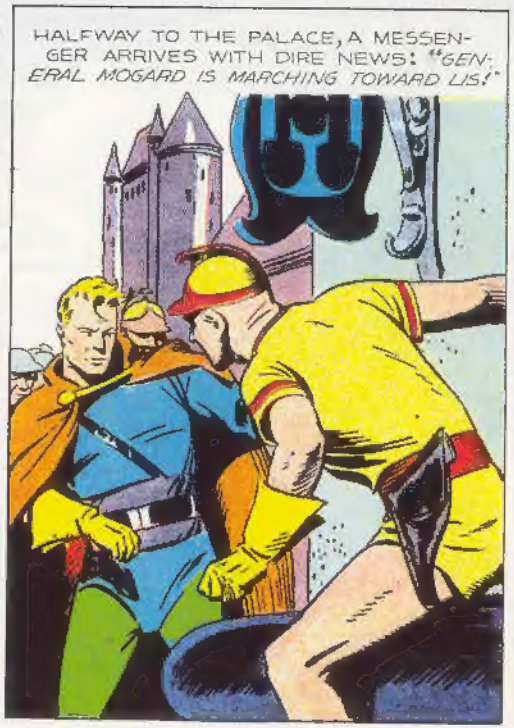

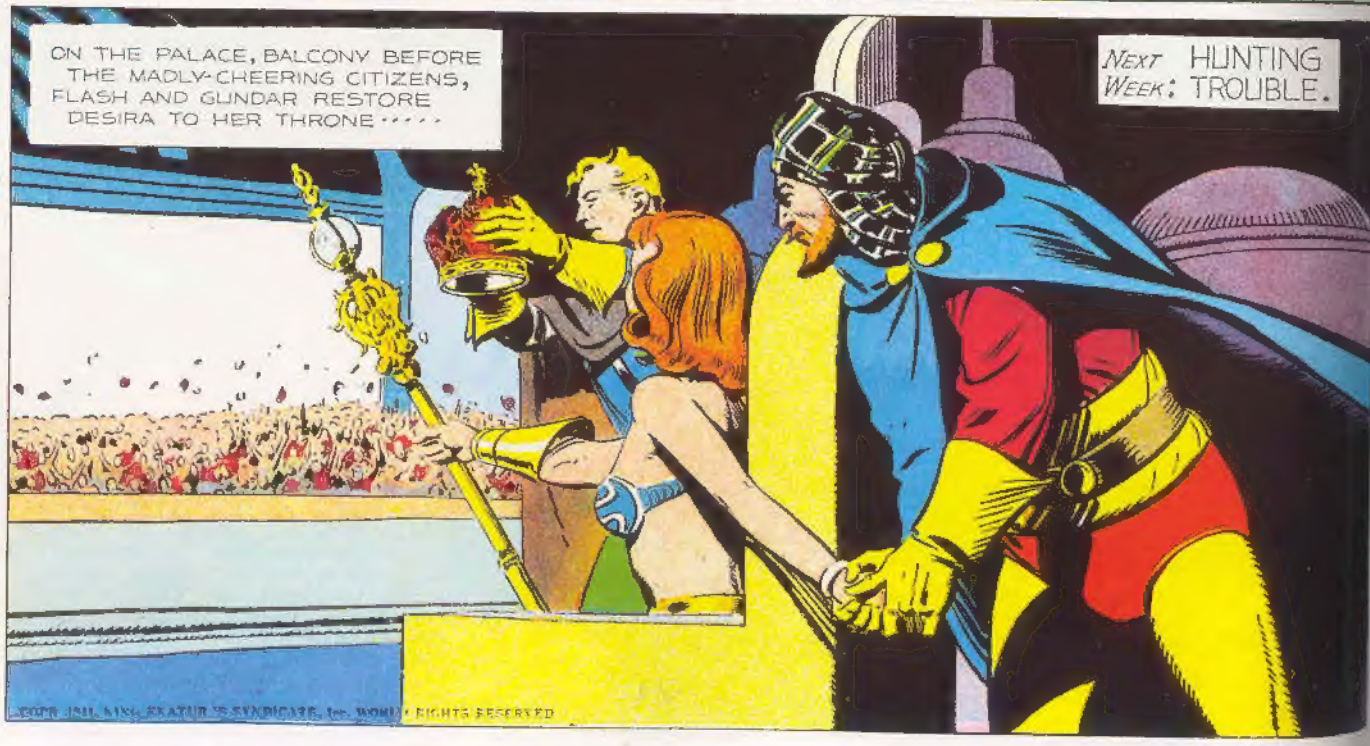

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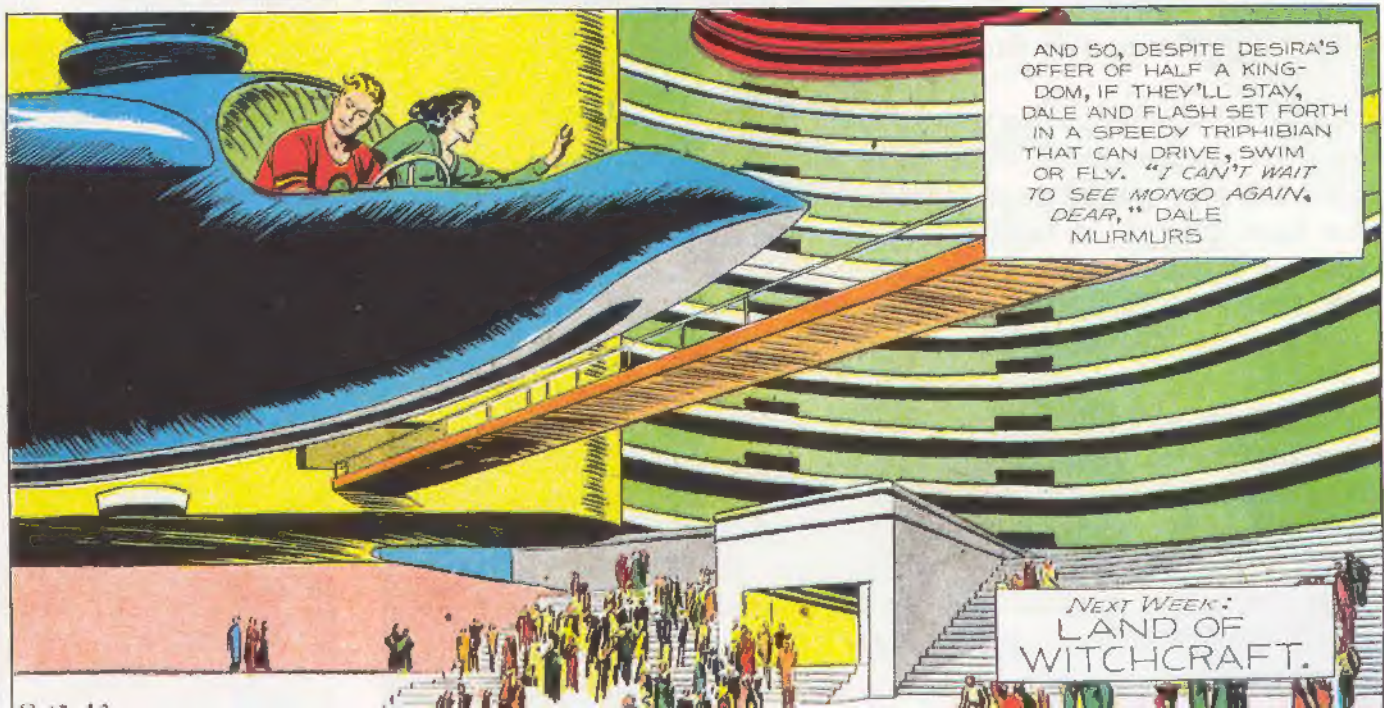
FLASH GORDON

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